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A PICTURE OF LIFE:

OR,

THE RAINBOW CLUB.

IN THREE PHASES.

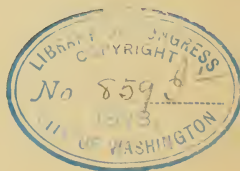
1ST.—YOUTH'S GAY MERRIMENT.

2ND.—MANHOOD'S SERIOUS BUSINESS.

3RD.—LIFE'S CROWNING GLORY.

By JAMES O. MILLER

(The Orange County Farmer.)



PUBLISHED BY THE RAINBOW CLUB,

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DEDICATION.

TO

MY CHILDREN, AND THEIR MOTHER,

THIS BOOK IS INSCRIBED,

BY THE AUTHOR;

AND ALSO TO THE MEMORY OF AN HONORED MERCHANT,*

WHOSE COUNSEL

SAVED THE WRITER FROM PECUNIARY RUIN.

* ONCE the author heard the voice of speculation, speaking so plausibly, that his little all was ready to be invested. Then Friendship whispered, "Take counsel of the wise." It was done, and A. T. STEWART gave reply : "The cast of the market is such that whoever makes this venture will be ruined in a year." *The words were fearfully prophetic.* A friend, who lived upon a farm, in all the rural plenty of a Saxon king, (despite the warning) took the risk, and now lies buried—broken-hearted.

THE profits of this work may aid in seeing Europe with somewhat of a poet's eye, to gather notes and garlands for an Epic Song.

A PICTURE OF LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE are multitudes of persons who allow the flames of appetite and passion to be needlessly fanned, thus consuming in early manhood much of that vitality which should not only glow at noon, but like the Gulf Stream of the tropics, cheer the Arctic evening of age. To such we lift a hand of warning. Of Milton Rainbow, the leading character of our story, we can truly say, that in his younger days his mental food consisted of three dishes—merriment, excitement, poetry. He was a light-hearted, quick-witted, ever-welcome companion.

There lay in him a vein of thought, bright as a diamond, and exquisitely fresh and pleasing; but his thoughts, brilliant as they were, resembled the moon-beams dancing on the river. The deep waters below were yet silent and unknown.

His folly and reformation make our story, which we trust will prove both diverting and instructive.

The members of the Rainbow Club were such people as we meet in every day life, and smile as we meet.

The most enjoyable performers at a show, are not always those who stiffen the necks of the spectators by dizzy manœuvres in the region of high art.

But this one thing we desire: from the lofty corridors of this Centennial—1876—to send down through all the ages to come, this beseeching cry, “Oh ye giddy-minded men and women,—youths and maidens,—what treasure do ye hope to take to the Centennial of the Ages—Time’s grand Review—The Judgment Day, where the Judge is the King Eternal, and the least prize secures an immortality of honor and bliss?”

Cheer up, ye fallen ones, stand carefully, ye that have not fallen, and form this resolve, “By God’s help we will take ourselves.”

Should this cry be heard, and the memory of this first American Centennial be kept green; the Rainbow Club giving this apology for being, will trust it has not been in vain.

Very deeply indeed do we realize the dignity and the solemnity of life. But there are cares and troubles as well as dignities and solemnities.

In order that for a season ye may forget your

troubles and be refreshed against the burden of your cares; listen kindly while we strive to please you.

Some form of entertainment is a necessity of our nature. Why is it that the aged man is willing to take his seat in the corner and his wife to take hers in the opposite corner? It is simply because they have solved the problem of life.

They have nearly made the voyage of Time. They began the trip in childhood—gathering the flowers that adorned the shore. In manhood and womanhood, they breasted the storm. They went far out upon the deep—now tossed up to the very stars—and now plunged down, down to the depths.

But they fainted not—and at length the winds died, and the waves, though long sobbing, like a troubled child fell asleep on their mother's breast,

And in the cottage on the shore,
They tell life's story o'er and o'er.

CHAPTER II.

SERIOUSLY, almost sullenly, came a lad into a Kentucky school-room, nearly fifty years ago.

He took his accustomed place, and opened out his book to study; but the tears dulled his vision.

He was a goodly lad to look upon—straight as an arrow, and light-stepping as a fawn.

He had red cheeks and a white forehead; soft plentiful hair, and bright eyes, of so dark a grey as to seem nearly black. The boy's name was Jonathan Boone; but for brevity's sake he was called "Johnnie Booney."

Soon after, two other lads entering the school-room with boisterous manners and flushed faces, were halted by these words of the master, "Boys, what excuse for your delay?"

The elder, while a frown rested on his brow, replied,

"Johnnie Booney."

So sad a charge against so kind a boy must be investigated, and forthwith the lad and his accusers stand face to face.

Master.—Henry, make known thy charges.

Henry.—He promised to get us something, which he kept—and cursed.

Master.—What answer hast thou? If any, make it, quickly.

Boone.—Their kite lodged in a lofty tree. They promised me a silver star upon it, if I would get it safely, which done, they denied me, and by force I took it. It was mine.

Master.—How saith thou it was thine? Did you make purchase and pay money, and peacefully work a change of title by mutual consent?

Boone.—I gave something in place of money. I gave my strength, my time, my courage.

Master.—He said you cursed.

Boone.—I cursed not. I said that Satan loves such boys as they; and gets them beds in prisons and a home in hell.

Master.—How know you this is true?

Boone.—Because my mother's Bible tells me so.

Master.—Were you not afraid to climb the lofty tree?

Boone.—No, sir, for father tells me to fear nothing but sin. He says sin is like a frost; it withers every thing it touches.

Master.—You might have fallen and been killed.

Boone.—My mother tells me to do my duty, and God will bless my death, whenever it may come.

While this scene was transpiring, there sat on a bench within the same school-room, a young girl named Katy Sinclair.

Her features, without being extremely beautiful, were regular and pleasing. Her hair was brown, soft and abundant, falling in fairy ringlets about her neck. Her complexion, naturally fair, had been a trifle darkened by rustic exposure to the sun, but this did only seem to heighten the beauty on her face, which smiled like the lips of morning. Katy was a deeply concerned spectator of the scene we have just described. When the name of her neighbor Boone was coupled with these charges, she turned a trifle pale from sympathetic apprehension. But when the youth gallantly denied the charges, and faced down the bul- lies that made them, her features waved the banner of joy and triumph.

At the expiration of an hour, the members of the spelling class were marshalled in full array for recitation. The word was gratitude.

It began near the middle of the class with Henry—who missed it. It then came next to Boone—who being rather demoralized intellectually by the late occurrence—might have failed on the middle syllable, had he not at the kingly instant looked up to Katy, who quickly put her finger on her eye.

Johnnie Booney dropped the “y” before

he fully uttered it, and dispatched the word in triumph.

But to the surprise of all, he declined taking Henry's place, to which he was consciously not entitled.

But we may well believe that Katy's actions wrote "*gratitude*" in letters of fadeless light on Johnnie's heart.

The family to which Jonathan Boone belonged was of high repute for the well-known traits of natural nobility.

While there was in the countenance and general demeanor of the father, something akin to haughtiness, there was enough of gentle majesty in the mother to make amends.

The family had long consisted of the parents and five children—three boys and two girls, who had nearly grown up to maturity—when Providence bestowed upon the worthy couple an unexpected blessing in the person of a son, to whom they gave the name of Jonathan.

As Israel loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age, so did old Mr. Boone love Jonathan.

And as Joseph's brethren hated him, so Jonathan's brothers could not speak peaceably to him. Jonathan became a root of bitterness in the family. In vain did the mother plead, and the father sternly command.

The brothers looked with an evil eye upon the strippling, while the sisters, more gentle in their natures, were gentler in their ways. The innocent child endured the rough treatment from his brothers with a patient dignity that merely fired the blood of their wrath, but which soon developed in himself a courage and justice that signalized the school-room scene we have just described.

As young Jonathan grew up, he gradually became like all the male members of the family, skillful in the use of the rifle.

So steady was his arm and so clear his eye, that at the age of twelve he could bring down a hawk from the clouds with his unerring bullet. Connected with that portion of the State there was a club of sportsmen, who annually held a trial match of skill upon the village green.

From year to year various prizes were offered—such as purses of money—splendidly embroidered badges and baldrics—books on field sports beautifully bound and profusely embellished with engravings, and other articles of less value, to those of the competitors who had shown much skill, without coming within the charmed circle of positive genius.

Public notice had been given, that at the target match now approaching, prizes of unusual value would be offered.

The first was to be a polished rifle adorned with trimmings of silver. In addition, the gun was to have a golden plate on which would be inscribed the name of the winner.

The three grown-up sons of Mr. Boone had frequently taken part in these trials, and usually bore off some token of success; but they had never secured one of the highest order. The offer of this valuable fire-arm and the honor connected with its possession, had decided in the minds of the young men, that one or all would attempt its capture.

Old father Boone said to his wife, "Those three grown up boys of ours are capital marksmen; but I say to you, that our little boy Johnnie surpasses them all, and if we can prevail on him to take part in the match to-morrow, fear not, for he will give a good account of himself and his rifle. That evening the mother poured into the ears of the boy skillful words of encouragement. Ere long, as in the days of Homer—

"Aurora now—fair daughter of the dawn,
Sprinkled with rosy light the dewy lawn;
And, reddening swift, the morning ray,
Glowed in the front of heaven, and gave the day."

At an early hour the approaches to the village green were occupied by persons intent on witnessing the romantic spectacle.

Neither the infirmities of age—the dignities of high position—the refinements of learning—the graces of female delicacy, nor the tenderness of youth, could prevent a rush to the exciting exhibition.

Vehicles crowded with country people shook the ground as they were whirled along. Saddle horses were in requisition—multitudes came on foot. In all ways Kentucky's spirited children came out to witness Kentucky's favorite sport.

The ground selected was exceedingly appropriate. Rich in the cherished memories of former pastime, it was also felicitous in form and location. Stationed aside from the dwellings, and free from the confusion of the town, it held within its embrace many noble trees, which were not so dense or frequent as to mar the light, but yet they gave a grateful shade and softened color to the scene.

The northern extremity of the enclosure was heavily fringed by a dense forest, well calculated to intercept any vagrant bullets, and here the target was erected. On the eastern and western sides of the field were many temporary booths and pavilions at which all manner of refreshments were sold to the populace, who were prompt and liberal purchasers. Nor can it be denied, that games of chance and scenes of rougher muscular violence were offered to many, who afterward carried dishonored scars in evidence thereof.

Upon a large bulletin were painted the few brief rules by which the contest was to be governed—as follows :

1st.—There will be three prizes officially given, namely:—A silver mounted rifle, a silver pitcher, and a silver goblet.

2d.—Competitors may contend for but one prize, and must enter that class.

3d.—No person whose reputation is not established as a marksman, shall be allowed to compete, without at once giving evidence of his skill, to the satisfaction of the judges.

4th.—Each rival shall have three chances, one in each round.

5th.—The silver goblet shall firstly be contended for, secondly the pitcher, and lastly the silver mounted rifle.

6th.—All minor rules and decisions on all questions in dispute, shall be given by the judges, viz., the president, vice president, and secretary of *The Kentucky Sporting Club*.

The scene rapidly took on an appearance of much activity. Entries were taken, challenges of unfitness offered, tests given and accepted, or condemned with commendable promptness. Ten entries were made for the goblet, which, after a gallant contest, was won by a marksman from Virginia.

Five for the silver pitcher, which was won by a bearded hunter clad in leathern vest, moccasin shoes, and fanciful leggins. He also wore short trowsers and green blouse, while his fur cap was adorned with feathers in mock Indian style.

Only three entries were made for the grand prize of the silver rifle. Around this last contest centered the greatest interest.

The loud call of a trumpet made known the approach of the trial, and also informed the excited multitude that the result of each firing would be announced on the bulletin board adjoining that of the laws. The names of the competitors for the rifle were James Coleman, Jacob Boone, and Charles Bruce.

All these being marksmen of established repute, were accepted without cavil. Then at the last moment there was a fourth entry offered to which objection was made.

The person seeking admittance to the lists was a lad of fifteen years. He stood up manly and undaunted as he gave his name and age, in answer to the judges.

At once three men who bore resemblance to each other, and to the lad, objected to his admission on the point of his want of established repute, and pointed to the rule.

The eldest of the judges mildly said, "My good lad, you must give us proof of your skill."

The youth replied, "Sir, I see a bird in yonder tree; where shall I hit him?"

The judge made answer, "Anywhere will do, through his head or his tail, but you must kill him."

The youth raised up his light double-barreled rifle, and fired. The bird flew away unharmed, and a shout of derision went up from the crowd. Quick as a flash the lad discharged the other barrel, and the bird fell dead.

When picked up and examined, it was discovered that the order had been literally obeyed, for the last ball had gone from eye to eye, while the first had cut out the centre of the tail as neatly as if done by a pair of shears.

The loud cheers of the Kentucky yeomanry re-echoed through forest up to heaven; and the lad's name was put down on the list, and his name was Jonathan Boone.

But at once, one of those already entered stepped up to the judges and said, "Sirs, I came to contend with men, and not with children; I withdraw;" and the name of Jacob Boone was struck off, leaving three to contend.

At once the contest began.

The target was circular, consisting of two red

rings separated by one of white—while a black bull's-eye shone in the centre. Beyond the outer ring was a white space of a few inches in width, and the judges announced in advance that all marks made therein would be called scattering, and not be counted.

The target proper was one foot in diameter, and was placed at five hundred yards. First Coleman pierced the inner ring. Then Bruce struck the outer one, and young Boone went scattering.

On the second round Coleman hit the outer ring and Bruce went scattering, while Boone struck the inner ring.

On the last round hung the decision. Coleman struck the space between the rings, and Bruce struck the space between the inner red ring and the bull's-eye. Young Boone taking quick but steady aim fired, and the bullet went through the very centre of the bull's-eye. Amid the loudest cheering the gallant youth was declared winner of the prize, and the silver mounted, double-barreled rifle was put into his hands.

CHAPTER III.

KENTUCKY smiled. Her grand old forests bowed their reverent heads to the early breeze—her birds sang their daintiest notes, while her streams went dancing past the meadow lilies to the Gulf.

Beneath the sun's warm smile, her cattle richly fattened and her stately steeds rejoiced in all the pageantry of strength. Her sons and daughters boldly went forth to the battle of life. Aye—Kentucky smiled—and yet not all.

Old Mr. Boone and wife smiled not, but sadly listened to these words of Jonathan their son, "Father, you need me not. You have other sons who can till your fields, and daughters who can keep your house. I know I am the child of your heart; I am precious in your sight, and you are precious in mine—but something calls me away. This place is too narrow for me and my brothers. Please let me take my trusty rifle and your kind blessing, and go out into the wide world to seek my fortune. I will take my Bible with me; I will worship morning and evening, and keeping a tight hold on the hand of Jesus, I will not be afraid."

Then the old man trembled and replied, "My son, not my will, but God's will and thine be done. If you wish to go, my old arms cannot hold you. If you stay, you shall have a double portion among your brothers. If you go, your double portion shall welcome your return. Speak to your aged mother—see how she weeps."

The youth put his arms around his mother's neck, and vainly strove to kiss her tears away. He then softly whispered in her ear, "Dear mother, let me go, for it is best."

But the poor woman sobbing her heart away, could only answer with her tears. At length, with the true heroism of a mother, she plunged the dart of sorrow through her breast while she answered with a smile and kiss, "God bless you, darling, and farewell."

His sisters came forward and embraced him with a sister's tenderness. Even his brothers' voices thickened with apparent grief, for their hearts somewhat relented when assured of his departure.

Gratefully accepting a purse of money, he shouldered his precious rifle that his skill had won. Then bidding the friends farewell he departed. The father's silver locks shook with emotion as he cried, "My son, thou hast a brave heart, a keen eye and a steady arm. Let me hear nothing but good things of a Boone. Add thou virtue to valor, and then will God

crown you with glory in the race of life. Blessed are those to whom duty is even dearer than love or life."

Quickly on his journey, the youth reaches the summit of a hill from whence can be viewed the valley of his birth.

He sees the tiny sparkling stream along whose meadow banks he had often sported—he sees the distant village and the white school-house near the great oak tree—the village church and its hamlet of graves, where sleep his kindred. He sees the vast forest where he had often roamed. He sees in the dim distance two bended forms watching over the way he had just come. He views the homes of his neighbors and dwells longest and last on a certain substantial one, having a porch which the green lattice encloses, and where lives that red-cheeked maiden named Katy. And then led by some strong power, the youth stifles emotion and wanders on.

As he turns over the summit, the glowing prospect vanishes, and the vast mountain slide falls down on the scene. Lost to him are the forest and valley and Katy's smile—lost for many a year. Lost to him are parents' welcome—lost forever more on earth. Ah, poor boy, if you had known all your future, would you have gone on? Would you have dared to face stormy seas, and raging pirates, and had the courage to lift the burden of long enduring grief? Perhaps not.

If so, 'tis well God holds a mantle between the present and the future. The youth trudged on.

As the angels were lighting the starry lamps, Jonathan reached a road-side inn. Just as he was intending to knock at the door, he heard loud voices within, and listening sharply, discovered that the landlord's wife was scolding him for not having provided a supply of fuel for the morning baking.

Not wishing to intrude upon the atlantic scene, the young rover delayed until quiet was partially restored, and then modestly rapped upon the door.

"Come in," came from the voice of the landlord, but from half a dozen dogs in the corner came the command "keep out." He raised the latch and entered the apartment.

The landlord sat in his chair of ignoble indolence, smoking his drowsy pipe, while a group of rustic statesmen discussed the probabilities of the next election, and justly praised the charming eloquence and noble patriotism of Kentucky's honored son—the gallant Henry Clay.

The landlord's wife, attracted by the knocking, stood in the door-way leading to another apartment.

Jonathan Boone in pleasant tones said, "Please sir, can I have a slice of bread for my supper, and a bed for the night?"

The landlord glancing toward his wife said, "What say you?"

The landlady, softened by the agreeable manners of the stripling, answered, "Yes, he is welcome to his supper and bed, but as to his breakfast—why there is no wood chopped to cook it."

Jonathan resumed, "The moon is shining brightly, give me an axe and I will prepare some fuel."

"No, no," said the landlord, "Not to-night."

Ere the morning breeze had blown out the lamps that the angels had lighted, Jonathan arose and kneeling down prayed to the Great Supreme, that the same kind power that had been about his bed, might be about his path. Quickly his axe was cleaving the fuel; while his cheerful song eased the toil of its yoke.

Both landlord and mistress were delighted with the burdens of oak and maple that he piled upon the hearth. To their words of approval, Jonathan responded, "This is a busy world, but if all do their share, it can all be done in season."

At earnest request he delayed to share the hot feast that his own labor had partially procured, then after mutual compliments he journeyed on.

CHAPTER IV.

WE cannot here relate in detail the incidents of the way, nor tell of the lofty thoughts that entered his mind.

Suffice it to say, that at last the journey was ended, and the next few years were spent by the youth in a northern State—sometimes upon a farm during the summer, and at school during the winter. He often sent cheering letters to the friends at home. At length, having grown to man's estate, and with earnings well saved, Jonathan Boone, led on by that spirit of adventure which often marks the members of certain families, took ship for England. In an ocean voyage, though tranquil and rapid, the elements of danger and sublimity are always to be found. There is a feeling of loneliness even on the crowded deck, and a sensation of terrible awe as one looks upon the wide, deep and untamable sea. Moreover, the stoutest heart must shrink from the reflection that at all times, but a wooden wall of a few inches in thickness stands as a screen between him and a watery grave. Yet stands it firm as adamant at the bidding

of God. Welcome indeed, were the chalky cliffs of Albion to Boone's languid, sea-sick eyes.

As he put his foot on English soil, an instant thrill ran through his mind. • His long evening studies in his native land had left him no stranger to English history.

He knew that the island of Britain, nestling so cozily on the breast of the Atlantic, was the centre of the most noble Empire that ever controlled human destiny. He had read of the original Celtic tribes—of their rude condition and barbarous manners. He had read of their original Druid worship in groves of oak watered by the sacred streams. He knew that the ancient Britons were divided into many tribes who fought with spears and broadswords, and went into battle with armed chariots, to whose axles were fastened scythes and hooks.

He knew that while it is impossible to penetrate the obscurity that covers the original tribes of Britain, yet it is believed, that the Celtic tribes came from Gaul—the ancient name of France.

He remembered that the reliable history of the island begins with the first invasion under Julius Cæsar—about fifty years before the birth of Christ, and which has been recorded on the pages of Cæsar and Tacitus.

He had heard of the gallant chiefs who drove Cæsar and his Roman Legions over the Channel.

He had read of Caractacus, king of the Britons, who, on being taken captive to Rome, rebuked the ambition of his conquerors by saying, "Why should you, who possess such magnificence at home, envy me an humble cottage in Britain?"

He had read of Boadicea, queen of Norfolk and Suffolk, who in the year 61, lost eighty thousand of her subjects in one battle, and then committed suicide rather than be captured.

The Britons were brave, but unskilled, and the Romans took possession of the southern portion of the island, and spread abroad the arts of peace, law and government.

To protect the people against the Caledonians—that is the Picts and Scots who occupied Scotland, the Roman general Agricola built a line of forts; and Adrian in the year 121, built a wall of earth across the island from Solway to the Tyne.

But at length barbarians from the north came down upon the Imperial City and the Roman legions were needed at home.

In 420, nearly five hundred years after the landing of Cæsar, the Romans took final departure, leaving the Britons more polished, but less warlike than they found them.

Prince Vortigern being annoyed by the Northern tribes, called upon the Scandinavian seamen, who

had long gone out from the shores of the Baltic and North seas, for help. They came and bore the name of Saxons, and not only drove back the Scots, but captured Britain for themselves, and held it for centuries.

In two hundred years from the landing of Hengist and Horsa, (the first Saxons,) the Saxon power had founded in Britain seven states called the Saxon Heptarchy, to wit: *Kent*, *Sussex*, or the Kingdom of South Saxons, *Wessex*, the West Saxons, *Essex*, the East Saxons, *East Anglia* held by the Anglia, *Northumbria* and *Mercia*. In 597 Pope Gregory sent St. Augustine and forty monks to Britain. In 825 after nearly four centuries of war between these Saxon kings, Egbert the king of Wessex, subdued by arms and policy the Heptarchy. All the separate kingdoms were united in one great kingdom called England, after the Angles who were a branch of the Scandinavian family similar to the Saxons.

But almost as soon as England was united under one sovereign, there came an invasion by the Danes. In 871 Alfred repulsed the Danes. In 994 the timid king Ethelred married Emma, "The Flower of Normandy," and in 1002 allowed a general murder of the Danes. Among the victims was Gunhilda sister of Sweyn, King of Denmark, who landed in England with a fearful host, driving Ethelred to take refuge with his Norman brother-in-law.

All things brought on the Norman rule in England, which was confirmed by the battle of Hastings in 1066, and which put William the Conqueror on the throne. These Normans, or Northmen, had formerly come down on France as the Saxons had on England, and established the Duchy of Normandy. William divided England among his northern followers, but died despised.

The lands thus given were subdivided by the Norman Barons among their followers, and were called fiefs, and those who gave them feudal lords. William made valuation in "The Domesday Book," which is still preserved, while in 1215, on the fifteenth of July in Runnymede, or Meadow of Council, the barons and free burgers of England gained from king John *The Magna Charta*.

These valuable facts of history were brought back to the memory of Jonathan Boone as he lay sleepless on his bed in a London tavern.

In the morning he made the acquaintance of a merry sailor, who invited him to go to the city of Liverpool and see him off on a voyage.

Having reached the place, he was attracted by the manners of the captain and crew, and took passage with them on the good ship *Propontis*, bound for the Spanish coast, and commanded by Captain William Blake.

As the vessel was quietly making her way over the waves, suddenly the sound of a cannon came booming over the water. *Hark!* Now again comes the sound, "nearer, clearer, deadlier than before."

Speedily there shoots to the side of the ship, the dark figure of a schooner. The captain and mate with one voice, cry out, "My God, it is a pirate!"

Slowly fly the moments, so full of agony.

Nimble as a squirrel, a leader of the pirate band climbs up the sides of the Propontis, and as he puts his foot upon the deck, demands the surrender of the ship. Hardly had he spoken the words ere the captain, (like a true Englishman,) caught up a marline spike, and with a sudden blow, made answer by knocking the pirate over into the water. His companion immediately following, shared the same fate. But look! Up the sides of the Propontis came twenty men, heavily bearded, heavily armed, and with fury in their eyes.

Hark, there comes the sharp crack of a rifle, and a pirate falls dead. Quickly the sound is repeated, and another villain feels death crushing his skull. The passengers run to the cabin for safety.

The crew fight bravely. The tallest leading pirate now singles out the English captain and springs upon him like a tiger, with a horrid yell. But just then comes the same sharp sound of that rifle, and the

pirate falls *dead* at the captain's feet, not only with a devil, but a bullet in his heart.

One of the band seeing their best men so mysteriously fall, raises to his mouth a whistle on which he blows for retreat.

"Not yet," shrieks another pirate, "let us give them vengeance before we go." Hardly had he spoken, when the sound of the rifle was again heard, and the fierce speaker fell.

The whistle for retreat was again sounded, and as quickly as the pirates came, so quickly the survivors departed.

At once the captain called the passengers and crew on deck and publicly gave thanks to God.

On rising from devotion, Captain Blake added, "The power was divine, but the agency was human. To some one of you with brave heart and steady nerve I owe my life, and many of you owe yours. I call for my deliverer."

At the call of the crew, down from the rigging came Jonathan Boone and his rifle. Amid the plaudits of the people, the captain fervently thanked the brave youth, and inquired from what part of Britain he came, and what should be his reward.

The young man responded, "I am an American, my home is in Kentucky. Like all true Americans I ask no reward for duty done, save the sweet memory of it."

The captain taking the young hero by the hand again addressed him, "Young man, my ship, my life, my all I owe to you, and I am able to reward you, and I will."

In a moment more he added, with tears in his eyes, "What's more, I have an only child, a daughter, who must also thank you. Henceforth I adopt you as a son. You must eat at my table and sleep in my cabin. When this ship returns to England, I beg you to return with it. I pledge you not only a warm greeting from all Britain, but especially in my house and from my daughter Helen, in Windsor, England." With much becoming modesty Jonathan Boone accepted the kind proposal, and won the love and approbation of all on board by his gentle manliness.

At length the commercial design of the voyage was accomplished and the ship returned to its wharf. Jonathan Boone, in excellent health and delighted with the perilous but romantic experiences, stood by the captain's side as merrie England blessed their sight.

At once the captain wrote this letter and posted it.

My precious Daughter Helen.—Thank God we struck the docks to-day, perhaps never to leave them again. We are at Liverpool. Jonathan, whose heroic skill delivered us from the savage crew, will share with me the hospitality of our home in Windsor, one week from to-day. The young American is as modest as he is brave.

I leave all arrangements to yourself, for you have not only the looks and spirit, but the discretion of your departed mother.

I remain as ever, your loving father,
BLAKE.

Before the week was out, a little incident took place at Windsor.

On a certain day, what seemed a crippled beggar made his appearance at the mansion of Captain Blake and called for charity. The beggar was clad in coarse but tidy garments. His heavy beard and moustache gave him a fierce look, which was softened by his bright but serious eyes. The servants with much unkindness ordered the beggar to depart, saying among themselves, "we have enough on our hands already, in providing for our master and his young friend, without being annoyed with beggars." As the poor pilgrim still delayed at the gate, a couple of savage dogs were set upon him. The well-trained mastiffs came forward in fierce array, and would have badly torn the seeming cripple, had he not suddenly felt the impulse of youth, and given the first coming dog a sharp blow over the head with a cudgel, and bestowed on the second a tremendous kick which sent them off sadly howling, and convinced that some people are not as lame as they limp.

The outcry of the servants and the howling of the dogs, drew to the door a light-footed maid-

en, who was none else than Helen, the captain's daughter.

She was at once accosted by the beggar as follows :
"Indade miss, an something tells me ye are a different lot from them who set the dogs on me—bad luck to em, it makes me rheumatism sting like the dagger of a pirate."

Now as Helen had just received her father's letter, she eagerly inquired, "Pray, tell me, what do you know about pirates?" The beggar merely said, "Heaven bless you, I came near knowing entirely too much, but a slice of bread from your fair hand will atone for it all completely."

So Helen told her name, and directed that a goodly meal be set before the beggar (to the disgust of the servants). His appetite was soon appeased, and expressing thanks and slyly glancing at Helen's blue eyes, the cripple departed.

At the time appointed, Captain Blake, accompanied by Jonathan Boone, came abreast the entrance gates of his mansion. His daughter ran out to meet him, she embraced him with the utmost tenderness, she hung on his neck and kissed him. Nor had her quick eye failed to fall on the straight and manly youth, who rather stood aside than urged his presence on this tender scene of enraptured affection. The father gently took his blushing daughter by the hand, and turn-

ing toward the youth, whose face as quickly glowed, said, "My daughter, this is the brave one who saved me from the worst of deaths. I have adopted him as my son. Kiss each other, my children."

Many golden days of feasting followed. The servants strove in obsequious rivalry.

At length Helen (with a twinkle in her eye) said, "Brother Jonathan—all welcome you, *except the dogs.*"

CHAPTER V.

A YEAR rolls round in all the world, and now the morn puts out his loving lips, for light's soft kiss. The purple smile of day gilds the glad east with more than Asian pomp and pours a tide of brightness o'er the fields of Windsor. Erelong there sounded through the place the loud notes of preparation. Servants hastened here and there.

Garlands of evergreen mantled the cornices; flowers filled beautiful vases; and artificial perfumes freighted the air.

Soon carriages appear with steeds in silvery equipment, and drivers in livery. Tenants with less display, are equally received.

On the porch of his old English mansion, a stately man, attired in the full dress of a sea captain, welcomes in genuine kindness the many guests. And now the bishop comes.

Before him stand a young man and a maiden, he tall and active, with no adornment save a mosaic red, white, and blue in a setting of gold, she fair and

graceful. They join hands and pledge mutual love and faith until death may them part.

The captain takes the hand of the groom, and while the hot tears blind his eyes, and deep emotions thicken his utterance, says, "My brave deliverer, thank God thou art at last my son."

Then turning to the bride, he says, "Helen, thou hast been a good daughter, which is the best security that thou wilt prove a good wife. Forget not thy mother's dying counsel, which was, 'Remember that the best preparation for death, is the well doing of those duties which lie farthest from death, the duties of the present.'"

"He who defended me upon the ocean, will under God protect and guide you, while you live. My children, you have my best wishes for your highest good in the life that is, and is to come. God bless you both, and all who may ever love you, and all whom you may ever love. What I have is yours. How cheering to me at this moment are the words of the king, 'I have been young and now I am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.'"

CHAPTER VI.

SIX more years have fled. The steeds of the sun have drawn their glittering burden up the hippodrome of the skies, and halt apparently a moment for refreshment, for 'tis noon in England. The breeze is dying, the leaves are asleep.

A servant maid leads a lovely child out in the park of Windsor to have its cheeks tinted by the pencil of the sun.

The wide-sweeping meadows and forests veined by streams along which knelt deer and heifer, the fairy lake over which the light boats like shadows flitted; earth's noblest artery the Thames, the great Windsor Castle, glory of many ages and present home of purest royalty, from whence, in the long ago, went chief to war and bride to the banquet of life—all these form a picture which, once seen, will ever hang fadeless on the walls of memory.

While the nurse chats with two serious strangers, how softly steps the dainty little lady before her little carriage.

Truly is a maiden the best embodiment of the

beautiful and good. To her the stars lend their children for eyes, the lilies serve as ears, the roses for cheeks, while night gives some of its quietude and day its cheerfulness, and even the willow from the brook-let's side comes with its graceful gift of form. The serious strangers withdraw and hold converse in earnest, but sly undertones, that artful gypsies use. The woman bewails her condition as a childless wife, the man quenches sorrow with suggestion. "Wife, why murmur at the word of Fate, and gall our spirits with this childless yoke? See we not this very moment the child we wish at play? It is not fair all comfort should pour into one pool. They have wealth and many friends, and though we rob them of this child, may yet be rich. And it was done. While still the nurse chats with the stranger, words artfully lead to blows, and while the guard seek to make peace, a third person with strong arms and nimble feet bears off the jewel. Swift rolled away the carriage.

Witness ye days and nights, how deep the sorrow. The sire bewildered, fills the kingdom with his cries, and offers of reward. Detectives are put at work, posters emblazon public places. The mother, at first cast down, arises frantic, while the good old grandsire hides his mournful face. Slowly walk the sorrow-burdened years. The father wears a smile he feels not. The mother shrinks to a shadow.

“Softly ! she is lying with her lips apart,
Softly ! she is dying of a broken heart.”

The captain slowly said as he turned away from the grave, “My sweet grand-daughter was stolen, my wife and daughter I have buried, but I trust Him still. ‘I have been young and now am I old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.’ ”

CHAPTER VII.

IN the deep wilderness of amazing London, the child then five years old was hidden. The street criers called her name beneath the windows, but she heard it not.

Soon over the sea to America came the robbers and their booty. They have now a daughter, they would have a son to round out all their heart. Fortune led them to a place where a good family having fallen in estate and scattered to the four winds, had left a manly boy to eat the crust of charity upon the public streets. The same band of gypsies found and took him.

As the years trudged on, the boy and girl were company for each other. But though they led a roving gypsy life, all the emotions of their nature rose in rebellion against the lives they were leading.

The children had been early taught the simple stories of the Bible, and remembered as in a dream the moral lessons to be derived from them. These early advantages proved their salvation.

The boy was somewhat the elder of the two, and having learned the art of reading from the public

schools and private instruction, was enabled to improve himself and entertain his companion on their dreary way. The rough manners of the people with whom they lived, could not efface the thoughts of God and heaven and the Sabbath day—of right and wrong that came up like buckets of refreshing water from the wells of memory.

The boy carried with him a New Testament that had been given to him by a Christian minister, and it was wisely kept secluded, except on some seasons of golden opportunity.

The girl was tenderly cared for by her gypsy captors and in fact began to love them with a child's affection, although as may be well believed she was sad and lonely for many months after her abstraction. The child inherited the fearless and patient character of her father Jonathan Boone, and would doubtless have escaped from the band, but she was constantly watched, and was thousands of miles from home. Above all, she was too young to struggle long with the combined powers that gradually dimmed her early memories.

In progress of time, nature kindly asserted its inherent powers and gave the lie to statement they were kin. Brother and sister they had been in name, but henceforth they were more—they were lover and sweetheart.

Guided by true wisdom and shielded by innocence, the loving couple sought the village justice and were married in due form. When after a year had gone, a little son smiled in their arms, they could not endure the thought of having him grow up a gypsy like themselves. Strange to say while the father slept, the answer came in a vision. "Take thou the child, go to the greatest earthly city by the sea, find Home for the Friendless, there let him be." The old gypsies, fearful of punishment if their crimes should be discovered, at length consented, and it was done.

Having put the child in this charitable institution of the city of New York, the parents rejoined their roving band. At the close of another year, another babe, a girl greeted the light, and then the parents determined at all hazard to leave the camp and return to civilized life. Ere they do so, let us view another Picture of Life.

CHAPTER VIII.

A GYPSY ENCAMPMENT AT GYPSY DELL.

THE time is noon. In a little grassy common, in the shape of a triangle, there bubbles up in one corner, a spring of softest water.

A wall of tall willows shields it from the sun. While near the union of three roads, and surrounded by the dwellings of wealthy farmers, the spot is cosy and grateful.

It is the temporary home of an English clan of gypsies, who seem to have the greatest reverence for their leader, and all obey him without the least hesitation. Around the camp are seen horses and dogs of all breeds, colors, and values. The women have the aquiline nose, small mouth, and blue-black hair, peculiar to the stock, are excellent mothers, and give constant care to the children, who appear in amazing profusion. Looking up the hill we see a wagon coming. As it nears the camp, we see that it contains farmer Grey and his wife.

They are now within the camp, and a young gypsy woman of different features from the party, and who holds a little child in her arms, is standing

near them. The woman is now talking most earnestly.

Her very soul is in her eyes, for from the instant they fell on Farmer Grey, she seemed moved by some mighty emotion. In this brief period she has learned where he lives, what his family consists of, and given a sharp guess at his fortune.

Gypsy Woman.—Good people, we have power to read the future. Halt but a moment, lady, I will tell your fortune.

Farmer's Wife.—Nay, not mine, but his, he has no nerves to tremble.

Farmer.—'Tis a mere trick. How can you know the future?

Gypsy Woman.—All things are written on the sky. I say my words of sorcery; and hold my hand up to the written sky as now you see me do. The image of thy fate is on my hand in letters crossed. I put my hand on yours and to my practiced eye the words are plain. Good father, I will read them. Thou hadst a pleasant past, I read a sober future. An angel in a woman's dress, will leave a diamond at thy house.

Farmer's Wife.—What if we lose it?

Gypsy Woman.—You cannot lose it till the time. Let your children play with it. It will but brightly grow and make you rich.

Farmer's Wife.—When will this diamond come?

Gypsy Woman.—At the front hour of this now coming night, when the round moon smiles at the winking stars, this diamond flashes on thy hearth.

Farmer and wife, filled with strange thoughts, drive home.

Scene. THE GYPSY CAMP AT NIGHT.

A circle of covered wagons is seen, with fagots burning in the centre. A woman is seen coming from the camp with a little child in her arms. She kisses it fondly, wraps it in a blanket, then takes it in her arms. As she rises the hill, she gives the sleeping child a kiss, and staggers on.

Soon she stops again and exclaims, "Oh, answer me, my soul, shall I go forward, or go back. If I go back to yonder camp, my darling child will live a cursed gypsy like myself, If I go on and leave my child at Farmer Grey's, I make myself a beggar, but I give the girl a chance. By yonder stars, I swear I'll go.

Scene. A FARMHOUSE AT MIDNIGHT.

A mild light shines in the windows. A woman is seen approaching. The watch-dog barks, but is chained. The woman reaches the door and knocks.

Farmer Grey comes out with a lantern and is followed by his wife.

Gypsy Woman.—Good father and mother, for the kind angels' sake, keep and cherish this pure born darling. This is the promised diamond. For nearly a year it grew on my heart, for more than a year it has shone in my arms, but my soul and that of my husband revolt at the gypsy life. We will quickly leave it, and shall toil to repay you. But if we fail, be certain God will not.

Lights flash in the farmer's dwelling, children and servants appear in haste and plead, "Oh, father, keep the little brown beauty."

Quickly as came the woman, so quickly in the moonlight she departed.

The scene changes back to Gypsy Dell. The woman has returned wild with excitement. In her frenzy, she cries, "Oh, what a wretch I am! Did I do right or wrong? I wish I had the eyes of a million eagles to see if the angels smile. If I knew, it would cheer my misery. But if I thought they frowned, I'd call my vow back from the midnight wind that snatched it from me, and ever bear my sweet girl on my breast, if hell on earth and hell of hells with all its flames and fiends, made camp within my soul!"

Ivan, the Woman's Husband.—Peace, peace, good wife.

“Come, sleep, dear Mary,
Out of the darkness comes the day.”

Scene. A HIGHWAY BELOW FARMER GREY’S.

Eight years have fled since the last scene. A little girl, now ten years old, with a red ribbon around her waist, is picking wild flowers on the roadside, and making a head-wreath for a smaller child. A clergyman and wife are seen coming toward them in a light carriage. Drawing nigh, this conversation ensues :

Minister.—What are you doing, my merry little maiden ?

Child.—Enjoying myself.

Minister.—But is not the weather too warm for you ?

Child.—Not a bit of it. I like warm weather in the summer, and if you call me little, you ought to see the baby over to Mrs. Jones.

Minister.—Well, my big little girl, what’s your name ?

Child.—Why my name’s Jennie. I thought every body knowed that.

Minister.—What else ?

Child.—Why nothing else, but just gypsy Jennie Grey ; ain’t that enough ?

Minister.—Where do you live ?

Child.—Up to that house there.

Minister.—Is that your father's house?

Child.—No, no, don't you know father and mother's been gone away years ago. Sally Baker told me all about it. They were gypsies, and Mr. Grey brought me up, and I go to school, and help big Joe drive home the cows, to pay it all back.

Minister's Wife.—What a charming child she is! Oh, cruel death, why didst thou not leave us one.

Minister.—Hush, my dear. Perhaps he left this one for us. (*To the child.*) Jennie please come this way.

[*The child comes forward looking coyly and chewing the tip of her apron.*]

Minister.—If no one gave you food or clothes, what would you do?

Child.—I would go up to God's house and live with Him.

The minister and wife drove up to Farmer Grey's, and found him and wife upon the porch. When dinner was over, the clergyman, (Rev. Dr. Paul), said: "We have no living children, and would bear the joyous burden of this child. She seems a wondrous mine of wit and goodness. You have others."

Farmer.—The smiles of heaven have fallen on my fields. This robin picks a few grains out of my

loaded barns, and tenfold pays by sprightly chirping. Perhaps you can do better for her. Girls repay good culture.

So thanking the host for kindness, and kissing all the children, but Jennie twice, parson and wife departed.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DEPARTURE OF JENNIE

THREE years have gone since the last scene. Farmer Grey is again upon the porch, and again the minister drives up the lane and says, "My friend, I see sorrow on your face, and a vacant chair beside you. Tell me, where is your wife?" -

Farmer.—The flowers that she nursed bloom on her breast, and kindly watch while she is sleeping on the hill.

Minister.—All that God does is best. Death is a mystery, so is life. I came for Jennie, but having lost your crown, you may cling to this jewel.

Farmer.—You may freely lead her by her fingertips; but this farm shall sink before you force her. Let the maiden speak her wish.

Minister.—My precious one, what say you? Will you go?

Jennie.—Good father Grey, some of your children think you are too good to me. I'll come back to see you, but 'tis best to go.

Smiling and crying, the romantic little maiden,

now thirteen years old, left the house of Farmer Grey, for a dwelling with Rev. Dr. Paul, at the parsonage on Clover Hill. Here she became a precious trust.

As the sparrow finds a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, on the altars of the Lord, so did Jennie on the hearthstone of the Lord's anointed.

We leap forward in our story. Seven more winters have, ghostlike, haunted as many dying years, and now Jennie, bearing the roses of twenty summers on her cheeks, steps athwart the present. She is now a noble type of the young woman of the nineteenth century. The same eyes that sharply twinkled over the wayside flowers sparkle and flash in the meetings of a certain Rainbow Club, of which we will shortly speak.

Jennie has the same independence, but it is more gracious; the same wit, but it is more polished; the same beauty, but more mature. Under the skillful care of the village parson and his accomplished wife, teachers, books, newspapers, magazines and lectures, have all aided in developing this bright specimen of God's most charming work, a virtuous maiden. For some time to come, Jennie's mother, the daughter of Jonathan Boone, who was stolen from Windsor (as Charlie Ross from Philadelphia), will disappear with her husband, but in due time, will we trust be again welcomed. Having sketched the

history of this young woman, we go back to do as much for a young man, who is becoming fascinated by her, and is to act a leading part in our drama. This is not a love story merely, but nature has so fashioned us all, that an extended PICTURE OF LIFE cannot be true to the original without some fondness in it.

CHAPTER X.

IN the State of New York, there is a famous old County of Orange, where Clinton, Seward, and Eager were born. In the Drowned Lands of New Jersey there rises a river, which, running across Orange and Ulster, enters the Hudson near Kingston. This is the Wallkill.

It is a most beautiful stream, pouring its tide fifty miles through forest and meadow. In its sparkling depths, the chubby sun-fish, the beautiful pickerel, and bass, the open-faced sucker, and nimble eel lead their sportive lives. Had this river rolled through ancient Greece, Rome, or Persia, poets would have sung enchanting lyrics to its praise, orators have been inspired by its presence, and the gentle triumphs of peace and the rough ones of war, been celebrated on its banks. Sometimes the torrent, made uncommonly strong by late winter floods, plays a mad frolic in early spring. Checked in its course by walls of ice, it plunges madly through adjacent plains, then wheeling back, dashes onward, carrying bridges, trees, and fences, and leaving in its path, like the overflowing Nile, a rich sediment from the marshes, whence it sprang.

The lands on either side are fat and smiling. This section is known the world over, as the Wallkill Valley, and rivals the classic fields of Tempe, and the Shenandoah Valley of old Virginia. The sweet waters and rich pastures make the creamy milk and golden butter of Orange County, which can postpone a case of starvation very handsomely.

This county need not blush when the pages of history are turned, for Minisink witnessed her valor, and Washington's Headquarters, and rocky West Point are on her soil.

Right in the lap of this latter day Arcadia, with the river on one side, and the railroad on the other, is the throne of the Queen Village of the Wallkill Valley,—the beautiful Montgomery.

The town is of easy access by well kept roads, is adorned by sidewalks, with stone flagging, and beautiful gardens, overlooking a noble bridge. Of its long honored academy, we can truly say,

All hail to the sons, who have grown up so strong,
And daughters, fair subjects for story and song.

As lived the patriarch Job, in the land of Uz, so lived Solomon Rainbow in the land of Orange County. He was an upright man, and one that feared God. However, his oxen kept peacefully plowing in his fields, but no Sabeans fell upon them.

He had, unlike the ancient worthy, no sons or daughters, but like him he had a great household, who shared his wealth, his honors, and his happiness. He had been chosen to the legislature, and repeatedly elected without opposition as village justice. His ancestral home, which crowned the rising ground immediately to the north of Gypsy Dell, was the abode of open-handed hospitality, which was wisely dispensed by his faithful, but sharp-tongued spouse Jemima.

John Rainbow, the only brother of Solomon, was at the time we speak, an infirm old gentleman of seventy-five. He was of a peculiar turn of thought, and his quaint and close-fitting remarks often occasioned much merriment and applause. He once attended a temperance meeting, at which a little, snappy, long-winded, intemperate advocate of temperance, made a ferocious speech of little sense. He was called out and spoke as follows: "I am the oldest temperance man in this town, and I hope to die in the faith. My mantle I will leave to him who deserves it best. My unfinished temperance work I leave to the three hundred boys and girls whose names are on my pledge. It takes a smart man to make a short speech. I am through." Applause shook the Reformed Church of Montgomery.

John was a widower. Several years previous,

death had claimed the companion of his life. Long had she been the well loved subject of skillful care. Her natural vivacity constantly cheered her long illness, while her Christian fortitude diffused around her presence the glory of perpetual day. Conscious that the shock of the inevitable was just at hand, she rallied all her strength, and said: "Farewell, earth, Lord Jesus, meet me at the river." In a moment, her face was tranquil, for the angel of silence had placed upon it his inflexible stamp.

From this mother, the son Milton inherited his sprightly, poetic temperament. If we indulge in a brief survey of the time of these occurrences, we will better advance in our story, which henceforth mainly concerns the years 1874-5-6-7 and 8.

Over all the world peace rested. The Russian-Turkish War was not begun. The war of the Rebellion was over. Of those who waged it, many were at rest in honored graves, both north and south, while the survivors in the different sections of the Union, like a four horse team, drew the chariot of National Government.

The American people were inspired with noble zeal to hold a Grand Reunion at the Centennial. Peace-loving Victoria was on the throne of England. France was a Republic. The German States, still preserving their individuality, were united in one

Grand Empire, of which William the Good was Chief. Alexander acceptably filled the throne of mighty Russia. Turkey was still sick, and Italy was free.

Although the sky blazed with no meteors in literature, art, or science, yet the heavens were bright with many stars. The wheels of commerce turned swiftly by the power of steam. The Electric Telegraph whispers the news from town to town, and continent to continent. The daily paper, having driven old fashioned gossip into a corner, enabled the man of business to read the bulletin of the world, and feel the pulse of trade, while sipping his morning Java. Within fifty years, civilization had swiftly advanced. Mowing, reaping, and knitting machines kept a clatter. Photography was known, Petroleum discovered, and steam-plowing ventured. Hoosac, Bergen, and Midland Tunnels were finished, the Brooklyn Bridge was building, the Poughkeepsie talked of, Dover tunnel and bridge were dreamed of, and Lightning was set to music.

At this period, life was intense. The land was gridironed with railroads. Fortunes were made and lost in a day. Speculation in bubbles was at fever heat, and sharpers fat as harvest frogs. The hard times following the war, were lit up by a general revival of religion, extending from America through

Britain, and gently through the world. As the Crusades or Wars of the Cross, in which Robert of Normandy, Tyrrel, Richard, the lion-hearted, and Peter the Hermit in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, roused many nations, and stained many fields with blood, so did these peaceful Crusades or Wars of the Cross, led by Moody, Sankey, Bliss, Hammond, Parker, Graves, and hosts of other lay evangelists, rouse many nations, mark many fields with Christian love, and seal many covenants with the signet of Salvation, dipped in the blood of Christ.

These scenes nobly crowned the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and turned Milton Rainbow from folly to sobriety. As he was the only scion of the Rainbow house, and would in time inherit all the family lands, money and fame, so therefore his father and uncle desired to learn what means would curb his restless spirit, and set him soberly down. His mercurial temperament sometimes turned him toward fanciful theories and gilded enterprises, and then lifted him up to the wildest adventures.

At one time his face was turned to where fortune waved her faithless flag over the wilds of Idaho, but the sight of his father's trembling hand, and shrunken cheek steadied him again. Each year increased the father's feebleness, and he wisely held a conference with his brother. The father said: "My son's

bright eye and pleasant wit, are precious motherly endowments. His springy step he got from me, for now I have it not. In two years more, the Great Centennial comes. I shall not view the Exhibition, perhaps will not live to hear of its wondrous display. But I hope, that by uniting all our efforts, we may so impress the dignity of life upon my son, that he will appear at the Centennial, as a worthy specimen of young American manhood."

Hereupon, Solomon took off his hat, and old man as he was, swung it three times around his head, giving three cheers for the good suggestion. He then exclaimed, "Good brother John, the thought is right-inspiring. All my resources shall with zeal, give aid. Perhaps Jemima may suspect the cost."

John made reply, "Your wife is saving, but discreet. God doth provide the wind and sea. Let man, the ship with banner bravely flying."

CHAPTER XI.

AFTER a brief delay, spent in conference and delicate correspondence, Solomon and John selected the

MEMBERS OF THE CLUB.

1. JOHN RAINBOW—*the principal founder.*
2. SOLOMON RAINBOW—*the chairman.*
3. REV. DR. PAUL—*the village parson.*
4. DANIEL W. LAWBLOWER—*village attorney.*
5. HORACE G. QUILLSTICK—*village editor.*
6. MILTON RAINBOW—*son of John for whose benefit the club was.*

HONORARY MEMBERS.

7. OLD DR. CHLORAL—*an eccentric village physician.*
8. MAJOR JOHN PLUMP—*bachelor, and amateur son of Mars.*
9. MR. GALLOWAY—*the Saxon man of mind.*
10. AUNT JEMIMA—*keen spoken woman of business.*

The joint founders next sought counsel as to the

proper place of regular session. The poetic nephew said it would be a very picturesque affair, to hold the conference by moonlight, in a grove on the banks of the Wallkill. The lawyer and editor sent response, that this delicate question might best be settled by the worthy founders; skillfully adding in a postscript, that if choice fell upon the front parlor of Solomon's house, the selection would be extremely felicitous. This choice was made.

An informal introductory meeting was held in the month of May, 1874. All the members were present, and their cheerful faces reflected the light of some hickory fagots, which blazing on the hearth, threw sparks out into the room. The other portions of the house were heated by the modern contrivances for burning coal, such as a huge range in the kitchen, a heater in the dining and sitting room, which also warmed the adjoining sleeping apartment, and the rooms above. But antiquity maintained supremacy in the parlor fire-place, where vanished the hickory, maple, and oak trees, lately standing sentry on the Wallkill. While there is much May in poetry, it is said there is but little poetry in May. The soft breezes of April are welcome, and the early flowers and softer breath of May, are precious; but it is reserved for leafy June, to touch with its rosy wand our hearts, and lead out the full tides of hope and joy.

The large centre table was out in the floor, and was covered with books, and materials for writing, while around gathered the coterie. Let us survey the group and learn their peculiarities. In consequence of unusual feebleness, John is absent; him we have already described. The younger brother Solomon, had four leading traits: philanthropy, regard to duty, good sense, and noble ambition. He was a patron of learning. He was not a great talker, but his words were well chosen, and his remarks on men and manners, if gathered up, would have been no mean volume which might justly have been called, "The Modern Solomon's book of Proverbs."

His wife Jemima was a true woman of the sharper sort, and firmly set in her ways. Although kind-hearted, her tongue was often biting as the sting of a bee. Solomon acknowledged that he had largely been guided through life by this Damascus blade. Whenever he turned too much to the left, Jemima's tongue cut him on the left ear; when he went too slow, he was pricked in the back; but if he went straight along in the middle way and kept step with his wife, he felt nothing disagreeable. She believed in business, and no foolishness, and was the bane of Solomon's and Milton's early literary life.

The third member, Rev. Dr. Paul, was a gospel minister of high standing. He looked with reverence

upon his calling, and could tolerate no slovenliness in the worship of the great God, his Master. His people loved him, and fed him out of their own basket. His broad shoulders and stout figure mingled in their scenes both of sorrow and of joy. He baptized the infants, noticed the children, married the young, counseled the middle-aged, comforted the old, and loved them all. He was cheerful without being frivolous, and serious without being gloomy.

The fourth member, Daniel Webster Lawblower, Esq., possessed a sarcastic wit and was peculiar in his domestic relations. His wife was a high flyer, and she had a daughter named Hydrangia, who could fly higher than her mother. Between the two the poor lawyer often got nonsuited. In a court-room, this bold advocate could face the judge, tangle the witnesses, wrangle with the lawyers, and confront twelve men on the jury; but when he found himself on opposite sides of any question with one little woman, who ruled his mahogany, he withdrew his case, and paid an appropriate bill of costs. Hydrangia learned her mother's art, and controlling father and mother, played a good hand in a very high game, as we will see.

The fifth member, Horace Quillstick, Esq., was editor and proprietor of The Montgomery Town Press. He was an outgrowth of the nineteenth cen-

tury, and a most intense devotee at the shrine of the last occurrence. He was also great in eloquent editorials. Rhetoric, history, and mathematics were part of his stock in trade, which often exploded like triple bomb-shells in the face of the foe; but sometimes swung around like a boomerang, and devastated his own rear. As the royal tiger of Bengal loves his prey lately killed, so did editor Quillstick love items lately happened. Quillstick was a medium sized man, weighing somewhere between one hundred and two hundred pounds, which is usually considered proper weight for an editor.

Quillstick had obeyed to the letter that part of the Mosaic dispensation, which enjoined to multiply and replenish the earth. He was not content with talking of population, but showed his faith by his works, several shabbily bound volumes of which surrounded the family table, and were annually welcomed in an appropriate seven pound editorial. They were a hardy brood, and although not all looked alike, yet as some looked like himself he considered it encouraging.

The sixth member, Milton Rainbow, was champion of the light weights. He had plenty of longitude, physically failed on latitude, but intellectually took all the latitude going. He was in early life, liable to break out in a stanza on the least provocation, and worshipped the nine Muses with as much devotion as

though they were a full dozen. He received much counsel from parent and uncle, and much ridicule from Jemima, who would often say that while many could make less poetry than her nephew, and some even worse, yet as for digesting a good dinner, she had no doubt he could whip Shakespeare himself.

But while Milton was too lively and unsteady, let no one suppose he was destitute of judgment. Moreover, he had his times of deepest, most serious thought. Being pleasant in manner, and sprightly in conversation, he was a welcome guest in all circles. If he became too gay, his father would whisper, "My son, be not prodigal to waste what heaven has been so prodigal to give. Health, hope, and wit are thine, rich gifts, pray thou for wisdom, go slow, look sharp, and the path of duty, which alone is wisdom, and true pleasure will reveal itself."

The seventh member was Doctor Chloral, a little dried up old man, very forward and bustling at times, and then again reserved and silent. What he said, usually smacked of the shop. Some years before he had made some small medical discovery, which had turned his head toward eccentric vanity.

The eighth member, Major John Plump, was a rather thick-set middle-aged gentleman, positive in manner and language, fond of ladies' society, and yet a chronic bachelor. Having formerly figured in the

militia, he continued a parade. He was of independent property, and had a characteristic way of strutting about with his thumbs in his vest,—occasionally rising forward—then coming down on his heels saying, “I’m true to name, that’s my opinion plump.”

The ninth member was Mr. Galloway, a short, heavy whiskered man, with sharp black eyes nestling under his swarthy brow. His words were few in number, but terrible in force. Mrs. Galloway was a woman of some peculiarities. She had an excellent opinion of herself, and was happy. She had a still more excellent opinion of her husband, and was proud. Her usual introductory speech to a stranger, was as follows: “Sir, are you acquainted with my husband, Mr. Galloway?”

If the person had not thus been honored, she volunteered to introduce him at once. In ordinary conversation she would often say, “Well, there is only one thing we can do, ask my husband, Mr. Galloway, he always knows what to say.”

In addition we will mention a wild village wit, Bob Porter. Nor would we forget a sprightly colored boy named Pompey Cæsar, whose ancestors were reared upon the place. Pompey’s father was an excellent man, and leader of the “Colored Prayer Meeting for the conversion of the world.” The ebony saint was once singing his psalms, when the

load of hay, on which he was devoutly riding, suddenly upset over him. When a dozen forks had dug him out, he responded, "Here I am, but bless de Lord, dreffully cast down and oberwhelmed."

The present young Pompey was no such individual. He was cunning and honest when fast asleep, and would have expunged the word futurity from the dictionary as needless. When a yearling, old Pompey tumbled him out of a bag at his master's feet, saying, "Dar am a Christmas, massa."

At this Introductory Meeting, plans were marked, but no action taken. Company adjourned one week, to complete the work of organization.

CHAPTER XII.

ORGANIZATION OF THE RAINBOW CLUB.

PURSUANT to adjournment, the proposed incorporate and honorary members assembled as before. A serious look rested upon them, as though they were about to lay the corner-stone of a durable building. Affairs were so arranged that Milton was not present at the earlier part of the session, as it was not deemed desirable that he should hear some proposed remarks.

Solomon—rising from his large old-fashioned chair, into which he had been smilingly led by the minister, said:

Gentlemen and brothers: It has always seemed best to do good as we can when going through life, for we shall not come this way again. Heaven has denied to me the rich blessing of children, but has given me a nephew precious as a son. He is a young man of tender feeling, strict integrity, and varied accomplishments. But he seems unable to settle down into the sober business of life. My brother and myself have called this council, that by mingling with

the serious and wise, this our mutual friend may fling away frivolity. What say you all?

Rev. Dr. Paul.—It is a most praiseworthy undertaking.

Editor Quillstick.—The development of true manhood has been one of the leading objects of the editorials prepared by myself, for the journal I have the honor to control; I refer to “The Weekly Town Press.” We endorse the project, sir.

Here occurred a most startling incident which fully illustrates the character of the young man in question; and which we would hardly have dared to put upon the pages of this report, were it not authenticated by those who witnessed it.

When the editor had spoken the words “We endorse the project sir,” at once a loud, clear sound of a trumpet was heard at the door, which was at once opened; and some one entered shouting through the trumpet—

“Hail, all hail the Rainbow Club!
Yet not all hail,—some fire and thunder
Enough to rend a world asunder.”

The harsh and unexpected tones fell strangely on the ear. Nor was this all; for the person thus speaking wore a surprising attire. It was military in the highest degree. In fact it was Gen. George Washington come round again in every particular. There

were the military coat and breeches, the high boots and spurs, the brass buttons and sword, the bright epaulettes and hat. In addition he bore in his hat dancing feathers, and in his hand the thundering trumpet. Our readers can easily reproduce the picture of this military apparition before the peaceful philosophers.

It came forward and thus addressed the company :
Brave Signors and fair ladies —

Mere words but feebly tell
What feelings in my bosom swell—

Uncle, my affection for you is here (*puts hand on his heart*).

Solomon.—Ah it is indeed my nephew ! But why this martial bearing ? Is it mere parade ?

Milton.—No, uncle, no. But yesterday you said the times required more Washingtons, and so I thought I would go for one.

Solomon.—Nephew, be seated. We form a club. Who can foretell the result.

Nephew.—Certainly, of course. Columbus stumbled on a continent ! Washington and others rescued a nation ; one man and one woman peopled a globe. Here I see seven men, two old women and a doctor, and who can tell the result ?

Led on by Learning's glittering star,
We aim at facts both near and far,

And when we see a chance to win
We'll like a hero brave cut in,
But when the darkness comes and doubt,
We'll like a hero wise, cut out.

Dr. Paul.—We came here to-night to form a social club. There are three kinds of progress, the forward progress, the backward progress, and the standstill progress. We wish to make the advance progress, but who will tell us how?

For a moment silence reigned, when a rustling movement was heard in one corner, and a middle-aged lady dressed in black and with a sharp nose, made her usual little speech as follows: "Well there is only one thing we can do, and that is, ask my husband, Mr. Galloway, he always knows what to say." At once from all parts of the room came call for "Mr. Galloway, Galloway, Galloway."

As we have stated, this gentleman was a man of few words but they were thunderbolts. He arose and said, "Let your guide be common sense. Castle or cabin must have a foundation, so with a club. Adopt at once a good square constitution."

The advice was followed by adopting this

CONSTITUTION.

Art. 1. This Society shall be known as The Rainbow Club of Orange County.

Art. 2. Its officers shall be a perpetual chairman, secretary, and treasurer.

Art. 3. Its revenues shall be the free-will offerings of members and friends.

Art. 4. Its objects shall be the increase of knowledge, usefulness and happiness.

The lawyer proposed that Sol. Rainbow be perpetual chairman, Milton Rainbow be perpetual treasurer, and Editor Quillstick be perpetual secretary.

Motion adopted.

Milton Rainbow.—Gentlemen, I have now an office in the club, and like every one the world over, I feel like speaking my mind freely. Is this club a vessel freighted with warm-hearted, and sharp-eyed explorers after knowledge? Be it so. Shall we then drift idly with the tide, or go by steam? I say steam, and steam means money; there's an X to anchor the corner of our treasury.

All the members contribute, when the lawyer shakes old Doctor Chloral and says, "Wake up, and contribute some hues to the Rainbow."

Doctor.—Ah, yes truly, I was meditating. The iron would make it black and lime make it white. The question is how they unite into red.

Lawyer.—Never mind the red circulating fluid, but the green circulating medium.

Doctor.—Ah, yes, surely, I have several books of Records of Medicines and attendance for patients who remembered to recover, but forgot to pay. You may have twenty pages with power to collect.

Major Plump.—We have a constitution and treasury. We need a library.

Minister.—I propose the first book be a good dictionary.

Editor.—I move the second be a complete file of my Town Press.

Milton.—I move the third book be an almanac.

Doctor.—Indeed yes, certainly, but not a medical almanac, for they are full of descriptions, Tom, Dick, and their families read, and get what's going. The first thing we doctors would know, half the town would be down with Epidemics, Hifluvics, and heaven knows what; if it were not for such medicines as my Compound Tincture of Paregoric and Liveforever.

Jemima.—May I say a word?

Milton.—Certainly, my dear aunt, say a dozen, and then say on.

Jemima.—Even with all your soger clothes on, what does your talk *amount to*?

(A half subdued laugh goes around the club.)

Editor.—Madam, your nephew has the poetic gift, the divine afflatus.

Jemima.—He is *flat* enough, the only *gift* he has is the gift of gab.

Milton.—Aunt Jemima, you are right. The greatest treasure nature ever gave to man, except yourself, is the gift of speech. As long as you live I will respect you; and when you are gone, I will take snuff to your memory.

Jemima.—Then take some now. (The old lady throws her snuff box at Milton's head, hits him, and spills the contents. Milton brushes off the fragrant powder, saying, "Well, for once in my life, I am up to snuff.")

Order having been restored, the dutiful nephew gathered up the snuff box uninjured, and with military bow, returned it to the owner.

Editor.—We deal roughly with our library. What have we done with Milton, mighty aeronaut, who soared higher with the warring squadrons of Ether, and went down lower into the Camp of the Lost Host, than any other man! And Shakespeare, mightiest painter of Human Nature. What with Tully, Demosthenes, Rollin, Homer, and Franklin?

Milton.—

And Byron, don't want him, eh?
Nor Watts, nor Wesley, neither Grey,
Nor any heaven-touched lips that sung,
Scott, Johnson, Goldsmith, Pope, nor Young?
Nor e'en the world's sweet Tennyson?

Nor Pollock, Bryant, Longfellow, nor Hood,
Nor other fellows, long or short ; but good ?

The Major.—I'm true to name. I speak my opinion plump. What we need is a literature fresh, green and gushing.

Editor.—Then let the major write his autobiography, and we will have it.

Chairman.—Will good Doctor Chloral give us his opinion on libraries and books.

The Doctor suddenly looks up, winks with both eyes, and says, "Yes, surely books are valuable, that is, good books are ; but it is always safe to give my Compound Tincture till relief is gained."

Mrs. Galloway.—Well men, you are getting all mixed up. There is only one thing to do. Ask my husband, Mr. Galloway, he always knows what to say. Loud calls were made for the gentleman, who responded.

Mr. Galloway.—Every published document is a subject of ridicule. Every society is also forced to run the gauntlet of the wits. This club will be no exception. We must think wisely, talk sensibly, and act prudently, or be toasted on the gridiron of ridicule. Our true ambition is to secure the prize of wisdom, which is often found in the way of travel. Thus may our young friend Rainbow acquire wisdom by absorption, and discover much of the world is not in his own

town. By mingling with others, persons get rubbed bright, and then by reflection give light to others.

Lawyer.—If we venture on a journey, Doctor Chloral must go as a surgeon.

Doctor.—Ah, yes ; no, impossible. I have twenty cases down with the pleurisy, and more expected.

Cries of “name them,” “who are they?”

Doctor.—Why, there is Mrs. Jones and her daughter, and old Mrs. Brown, and—and lots of others that I’ve forgot.

The Major.—Neither can I travel. There is some danger of insurrection among the Anti-Renters of the Muddy Kill Flats. But there shall be no trifling with the military. If it be possible I will not spill a drop of blood or cause a man to smell powder, but there must, I say, be no trifling with the military.

Milton.—Major, if you want a Washington, remember I’ve got the clothes. Travel would serve me well with editor and lawyer.

Jemima.—Land sakes alive ! Travel will have as much effect on you as a mustard-plaster on a fire-shovel. You will leave home three ganders and come back three geese. (*Great merriment.*)

Chairman.—What says our worthy friend Doctor Paul ?

Minister.—Travel is good, but costly. Gold makes a pilgrim’s breath smell sweet.

Chairman.—I direct those who go, to take one-fourth of the money in the treasury. I also direct my nephew to execute a note of one hundred dollars, suitably endorsed, and raise the face less discount, at one of the banks of Newburgh. I have hopes that travel will benefit my nephew.

On motion The Rainbow Club, having organized, by adopting a constitution, electing officers, and securing treasury and library, *adjourned*. But in reality merely adjourned to the adjoining room, the doors of which were at once thrown invitingly open. Uncle Solomon taking Aunt Jemima by the arm, said to the company, "Kind friends, having toiled for the good time coming, let us enjoy the good time that is. Soldiers, follow your leader."

Time would fail to tell of all the substantial dishes and ingenious luxuries of the rural feast. The table groaned with good things, of which the guests partook so freely that they groaned also.

The club and other invited guests—without skipping an item—ate down the bill of fare, which contained five varieties of preserves, four sorts of cake, three breeds of pickles, with bread, meats and drinks in profusion.

While the banquet was at its joyous height, the lawyer said to the editor, "Which do you prefer, philosophy, or boned-chicken?"

The eloquent "Knight of the quill" replied as follows: "Before supper I prefer philosophy; but during supper give me boned chicken, or give me death."

Amid loud calls for Mr. Galloway, that gentleman arose and said, "Philosophy is good in its place, and so is a roast duck; but there is something in an oyster pie that meets with a responsive chord right here in the human breast (*puts hands below his breast*).

Just as the feathered watchmen were finishing their nap previous to proclaiming the dawn of a new day, the members of the club departed to their respective abodes, and ere long Solomon the chairman, by the volition of a benignant Providence, quickly fell asleep.

CHAPTER XIII.

RAINBOW IN THE QUASSAICK BANK.

IN obedience to the Chairman, the nephew equipped with his note of hand, proceeded to draw the money.

The scene occurs in The Quassaick National Bank of Newburgh. The banking desk is seen. The president stands in the door of the directors' room. Cashier, teller, and clerks are at their books. Milton Rainbow enters with umbrella and paper parcel.

R.—Sir, I would be pleased to have this note of 100 by 90 discounted.

Teller.—We would be pleased to accommodate, but we are not discounting at present, except to regular customers.

R.—You can depend upon me as a regular customer; for when the time is up I will be around regular as a clock to get it renewed.

Teller.—That's the trouble, besides we discount at present only in extreme cases.

R. to Cashier.—This is an extreme case, for I haven't a dollar in my pocket.

Cashier.—Our directors have held a meeting, the orders are strict.

R. to the Pres.—Sir, I am naturally as mild as a sucking dove, unless driven to extreme measures. But if I cannot obtain financial facilities here, I will remove my deposits from this bank, as sure as there is a tail to a dog or a comet.

Pres. to Cashier.—What is the amount of Mr. Rainbow's deposits with us?

Cashier.—Not a penny.

Rainbow.—Yes sir, I just deposited that bundle and umbrella in this bank.

Cashier.—Not in the least. That plunder is outside the rail, the bank inside. You might as well tie your horses to a post in the street, and then claim a dividend on farm-stock in the bank.

President.—Next customer.

Rainbow.—Wait till you get through with me. Let us argue this case. I have my views of banking. I believe the stockholders select their best looking men for directors, and the best looking man is made president. The next best man to be found, if honest, and quick at figures, is put in for cashier, the next for teller, and so on. I believe that handsome is, that handsome does. Mr. President, the Rainbow Club is about to start on a journey, to make discoveries in science, literature, and navigation. Now if we fail to

get this money, we are stuck sadly, thoroughly stuck; like the chariot of Mars against the corner of a pyramid.

(The president and officers hold a parley.)

President.—Money is very close at present.

Rainbow.—No doubt of it. I see piles of it within a foot of your vest, but not close to me. Out in Montgomery, the charming metropolis of our neighborhood, money is too far off. If it were closer, we might do better, none nearer than Walden. They have a bank there.

Pres. to Cashier.—This is an unusual case. We must keep things moving. If the Rainbow Club sticks fast, no telling what may stop next. Let the club have all they want on good security. Who are on your paper?

Rainbow.—Milton Rainbow and Lawblower are on for wings, with Quillstick on for tail.

(Teller counts out the money.)

Rainbow throws down the note, and taking up the money makes a low bow, and exclaims, "Heaven bless the banks of Newburgh, bless the Quassaick Bank, the Newburgh Bank, the Highland Bank, the Savings Bank, both banks of the Hudson, and good Hugh S. Banks, and heaven bless the banks of Newfoundland, and give us codfish and mustard till all is blue.

(Amid great merriment exit Rainbow.)

CHAPTER XIII.

THREE Rainbow Philosophers, Milton, Law-blower, and Quillstick, set out on a beautiful morning to spend this money in the delights of travel. The editor declared he must return in a week, as he could not trust the Town Press to edit itself for a longer period.

They go swiftly down the New York and Erie Railroad, and halt at Paterson Falls, which they decide to be a very majestic arrangement for letting down water with a rush. Then they behold the enchanting vista of Hohokus, and emerging from the long granite tomb of Bergen Tunnel, are soon at Jersey City, with only the lordly Hudson between them and New York. At a glance, they take in the burning focus of the western world, the fairy shores of Staten Island, the rocky heights of Hoboken, the magnificent bay, and the wonderful metropolis.

Having friends in Jersey City, it was dark when crossing the river for New York. They saw the dancing lights that followed the motion of the vessels in the bay, saw the long lines of street lamps, and felt the power of that vast empire of night, reared on the

ruins of day, and softened by the starry chandelier of the sky. Having crossed the Hudson, the planks were thrown upon the dock, and the crowd rushed upon the landing. Amid the confusion and partial darkness, were heard the sounds, "Want a cab," "Metropolitan," "Fifth Avenue," "Clarendon," "St. Nicholas." In a moment a passenger cried, "Good heavens, I'm robbed." Carefully guarding their money our travellers pushed on to their hotel.

The next morning after breakfast, they gazed on the grand emporiums of science, art and trade, and dreamily viewed the human tide, which drawn from all the globe, sweeps through Broadway. Editor Quillstick suggested a professional call upon the New York reporters, who lead a merry life sandwiching the details of a high wedding on the Avenue, with the frantic efforts of some burglar suffering under a confusion of ideas in regard to *meum* and *tuum*.

As Christopher Columbus, seeking the Indies, stumbled on a continent, so did the Rainbow Club, searching for lynx-eyed reporters, fall into several dens of editorial lions, which we cannot here describe in full.

It was in the mild October of the day when the club reached their hotel. It was the Clarendon. This choice was made not merely because there is where the foreign lords all put up, but because a patron of

the club, a merchant prince, and commissioner of docks who also kept a full supply of touching crab-apple cider, lived at this place. A dinner at a first class hotel is something to be remembered. The brilliant light, the beauty of the ware, the artistic arrangement, and regal bounty of the feast, make one imagine he dines at a court.

The club decided to spend the evening as follows : first, go to an advertised temperance meeting, and then attend the opera, for which they arrayed themselves in white chokers. The meeting was held in a neighboring church, and strangers having been invited to speak, Milton Rainbow made a brief, but telling address. While he was speaking, a small cluster of persons in the church seemed greatly concerned. At the close of the address, the club left the church, and as they crossed the vestibule, Rainbow was accosted by a little old woman, who took him by the hand and was about to give him a kiss, when Milton shrank back, objecting to being kissed in company, because it made him "blush so deeply, that it spoiled his complexion." The truth is, the Rainbow Club had been taken for a bevy of divines, the white chokers had done the business.

The little old woman with tears in her eyes, looked up and said to Rainbow, "Oh my dear little dominie, where do you preach?" He replied with much cler-

ical dignity, "Madam, I have been laboring some in Orange County, but I am not settled anywhere at present." The old lady resumed, "Oh dear, how thankful I am for that. Me and my husband, we live over on Long Island, and our dominie got tired and quit." Said Rainbow solemnly, "Madam, what salary do you give?"

Old Lady.—Six hundred dollars and a parsonage, and one donation a year. But me and my husband, and my daughter and her husband, we run the church, and we are all here to-night, and we talked it over while you were preaching onto the temperance, and if you will come, and be our minister, we will give you eight hundred and the parsonage, and two donations a year, and the keep of a cow.

Milton surveyed the group and said,

I've thought the field over, my duty is clear,
I'll preach for the brethren for a thousand a year,
I'll visit them week days, and preach every Sunday,
If they give me a Donation Visit each Monday.

The old lady was horrified, and it is supposed, got another shepherd. The club proceeded to the opera, where the scenery was gorgeous. The music was celestial. A *Prima Donna* thrilled the audience; she was the talk of the town. Milton became excited, almost delirious. Stealing out of the audience, he managed to gain admission to the green room, and

requested permission to "salute the *Prima Donna*." The manager was indignant, but the *Artiste*, admiring the gallant cavalier, said, "salute me surely, I am used to it." Whereupon Milton made one of his most brilliant bows, and the eminent songstress curtsied, and smiled benignly behind her fan.

Our frantic hero then offered to make the fortune of the manager. "Sir, you have music, poetry and painting, you need Rainbow of Orange to supply the eloquence." The manager said, "Sir, I learn readily by observation, give samples of your oratorical power."

Rainbow gazed an instant, and thus burst out. "In such a little crowd as this, what could Demosthenes do? But were there more of it; did I but see from the broad stage, the speaking eyes and love lit faces of hundreds of beautiful ladies, and the noble forms of many brave men, let the hall ring with plaudits, the ladies waving their handkerchiefs, the men clapping their hands, show me heaps, crowds, multitudes of people, crying, "Bravo, bravo," "huzza, huzza," then, *then*, if I don't rage and blaze, and be eloquent, then, and not till then, in the burning words of the pathetic Hibernian, "let my epitaph be written."

At the close of this sample, the manager said to the orator, "Do you see that door?"

The speaker answered, "I do."

Manager.—Then go through it—all of you.

The editor retorted, “We cannot go through the door without an axe, but we will gladly go through the vacant place where the door was.” So opening it, the three Rainbows faded from view.

The cool evening breeze revived our hero. While the club was standing on a street corner; a stranger pleasantly advised them “to see the world; while they were in it,” and invited to attend a “Free and Easy Concert and Ball.” Lawyer and Editor seemed inclined to round out the evening; but Milton refused with this language: “As the mariner, who has once been shipwrecked, dreads every gale, so do I dread the earliest footfall of temptation. Safety is happiness. Virtue is the best philosophy—religion is the highest wisdom, and says, ‘Enter not into the paths of the wicked.’” The warning was heeded and the friends returned to the hotel.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN beautiful morn again peeped from the curtains of the east, the three after feeding the tiger, sallied out in search of wisdom and happiness. They entered the gallant State of New Jersey. As Milton caught a glimpse of a Hackensack car he said, "Heaven bless the good old town where I got my first fat fee."

Quickly in the kaleidoscope of steam came noble buildings.

Lawyer.—If this is Newark, what became of the old ark?

Rainbow.—Not knowing, I feel a delicacy in saying, but ask the Editor, he is never operated on in that way.

Editor.—Noah's boys split it up for kindling-wood.

The club proceed to Elizabeth, "city of villas." In the evening they attend a Centennial Tea Party. On entering the hall of entertainment they notice eatables, drinkables and a fine display of antique memorials of Revolutionary times. "And Jacob's well was there" with rustic curb and moss-covered bucket filled with lemonade.

“And Rebekah lifted up her eyes, when she saw” the club coming, and said, “will ye not drink, at only a dime?”

The eloquent Editor was alone capable of replying, which he did as follows: “Certainly we will, and allow me to add, that your kindness in requesting us to do so, is only equalled by your extreme beauty.”

Approaching another table, Quillstick said, “What hast thou for sale?”

Lady.—All that you see, I hold for sale.

Rainbow.—Thy fair right hand I see, what price is set on that?

Lady.—One thousand dollars.

Rainbow.—I will give it.

In such a war, who counts the cost
When wounded in the heart
We boldly dash, forgetting all
Save love's delicious smart.

Lady.—Go ask my husband for a bill of sale.

Rainbow.—Not much. I wish no cloud on my title.

Let your sweet roses bloom, yet they bloom not for me,
Dutch bulbs and carnations as fair as may be.
They bloom for your husband,
They bloom not for me.

[*The club advance to the next table.*]

Mary, a pretty sales-girl.—Can I sell you something, gentlemen?

Editor.—We be honest men, with families; but little money.

Mary.—I will take your check in payment for some ice-cream.

Lawyer.—The glory of New York is at stake. By the memory of Clinton, don't flinch.

Editor.—I will take three plates of cream, and give my check in payment.

Mary.—You shall have the cream.

Editor.—Now understand the 'bargain, for, most beauteous maiden, I would not wrong thee for a kingdom. If I fail to give my check I will give the nearest thing to my check.

Mary hesitates. Her companions cry out, "The glory of New Jersey is now at stake. By the memory of Frelinghuysen, *don't flinch.*" She gives the cream,—which is eaten—the plates shoved back.

Editor (rising).—Companions in glory, let us depart.

Mary.—No you don't. I want my money, or your check.

Editor.—Yes; but if I failed, I was to give the nearest thing to my check.

Mary.—When would it be payable?

Editor.—Payable on the spot.

Mary.—Let me have it then.

Editor.—Here is the nearest thing to my check. I give you my check. Kiss me quick and let me go.

At once a great squabble ensued. Gentlemen laugh—the ladies cry, “shame”—“a swindler”—a “robber.”

A stout old lady catches the editor by the neck and says, “You rascally little villain, pay my daughter, or I’ll choke you.”

The editor gives a sudden plunge and upsets the old lady under the table. She holds on to him, and both are under. Mary bends down to see what has become of her mother, when Quillstick catches her and all three are under. The lawyer drags him out, and puts him for safety on the table where he makes this speech :

Friends, Jerseymen, Ladies: The cream I paid in trade, but give me two shillings worth of Nightingale soup, and a fan from angels’ wings, and I pay half a dollar cash.

Mary.—Nightingale soup just gone. Pay, and I give a fan from angels’ wings.

(Editor pays the money.)

Mary.—Women are angels, are they not?

Editor.—Oh certainly.

Mary takes a position in front, and waving her flowing sleeves, inquires, “Do you feel the wind?”

Editor.—I do.

Then said Mary, “You have a fan from angels’ wings.”

Great signs of triumph are shown by the ladies waving handkerchiefs, and crying, "Well done, Mary." Editor calls for his hat, and makes for the door, followed by his companions. The crowd cheer and Quillstick cries, "Brothers, let us go back to New York, for the Jersey women carry too many guns for the Rainbow Club."

CHAPTER XV.

MISCELLANEOUS MEETING OF THE CLUB.

SOON after this trip was ended, the members and friends of the Rainbow Club met at the call of the chairman. Prominent ladies and gentlemen of the vicinity were present.

The lawyer stroked his Jupiterian beard, the editor wore a smooth face, the parson sustained side whiskers.

The club appeared in full force and capital feeling. Aunt Jemima is in one corner knitting, Jennie and Mrs. Paul are listening. As was his custom, the nephew delayed his coming and the uncle improved the opportunity to unburden his heart as follows:

“Gentlemen—I am pleased to say that travel has slightly benefited my nephew. Although still gay, yet something seems leading him up slowly but surely to a higher life. He realizes each must abide the results of his conduct, and perpetual merriment is tiresome.”

Hereupon Mr. Galloway (strange to say) rose up uninvited, and used these words: “Gentlemen, Let

me also give my opinion. Time works wonders. Only a diamond endures polish. Your nephew is a diamond in the rough. Yesterday, he read to me an outline of Milton's *Paradise Lost* that filled me with amazement. Depend upon it, the sacred fire is sealed up within him, and will yet burst out in flames to warm the world."

At this moment Rainbow entered, bowing gracefully to the club and persistently shaking hands with the chairman, to whom he said, "You can always tell gentlemen by their manner when they meet. I feel the good effects of travel.

Deep thought and books may store the mind,
Papers make tidings fly,
Wise laws may teach men how to live,
And parsons how to die.
Hand down the truth from sire to son,
'Tis travel puts the polish on."

Chairman.—Some think it better than actual travelling to have one who has gone abroad, report in such a manner that the scenes appear unattended by the usual danger, fatigue and expense,

Thereupon a full account was given and pleasantly received. After varied conversation, Editor Quillstick, with that forcible eloquence for which he was distinguished, said, "Gentlemen, the winds have comparatively little power when scattered over all the heavens; but confined within the grasp of the tornado

become irresistible. Thus with news. Going from mouth to mouth, it is but gossip, but condensed into an editorial it becomes weighty and sublime. In illustration, I would read my editorial on our trip."

Lawyer.—I beg you to refrain. Having taken a light supper, I fear the shock more than cold cut from Shakespeare or a hot from Milton.

Editor Quillstick.—Would you relish extracts from Homer?

Lawblower.—Nay, leave him asleep in his glory.

"Seven cities claim a Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

Editor Quillstick.—In a Quaker meeting, the friends speak as the spirit moves. So we speak, as moved by the spirit of philosophy. Our language is the audible exponent of our inward perceptions, that's what I mean. (*Cries of "Certainly," "Just so exactly," "Of course it is that way."*) I have always been curious to know, what a public meeting of philosophers would run into, if discussion ran as the spirit moved them.

It was resolved to hold "A Miscellaneous Meeting."

Chairman.—While the helm is under my control I shall do the best I can, even in a storm. I ask, "What is the prime requisite of thrift?"

Lawyer.—Industry.

Editor.—Intelligence.

Nephew.—Economy and civility.

Parson.—Honesty.

Chairman.—I decide all these to be requisite and also perseverance. Any fair business well followed for ten years will bring good results. But some are so changeable that if they spent the winter in paradise they would move out in the spring. Merchants, mechanics thrive, who give good articles at moderate profits. The farmers who make the best living are those who do much of the work themselves, who raise large crops of grain, keep plenty of good stock well, and do their work well and in the time of it. A large crop of corn makes everything plenty. The hogs have plenty of lard, the beef plenty of fat, the fowls lay abundance of eggs, which flood the house with groceries and make the women folks happy."

Calls were made for Mr. Galloway, who responded thus:

"If you wish to get rich, you must do as other folks do who *do* get rich."

At this point the door opened, and in came Major Plump and old Dr. Chloral. They apologized for the lateness of their arrival.

The editor said, "Now we are equipped, we shall have dignity, military and physic in full supply."

The lawyer protested against the last remark as

sounding like levity and thought it was his duty to imitate the good minister, who noticing a flirtation up stairs halted in his sermon saying, "I am sorry to say, there is too much levity in the gallery."

The editor made answer, "Some are very tender on fun and susceptible to impropriety."

A course of modern lectures was to be given in a church. The first was largely made up of readings by an actress from New York Theatre. A good old deacon wiped his eyes at Hood's Bridge of Sighs, but added; "Very well done, but not quite the thing for a church."

When next the lady clapped her hands in glee and exclaimed,

"I'm to be Queen of the May, Mother,
I'm to be Queen of the May,"

the deacon looked sour, but when the poor May Queen was dying he said, "God bless the poor child; but not quite the thing for a church."

Ere long the reader gave the Balcony Scene of Romeo and Juliet. Juliet appears at a window. Romeo looks up from the garden and tosses kisses to her, which almost killed the deacon, who jumped up afoot, brought his hands together like a pistol and left the pew, exclaiming, "What next? Upon my soul! worse and worse!"

This added another torch to the bonfire of mirth,

which was extinguished by the mallet of the chairman, who announced, "This is a philosophic as well as social club. I call on Dr. Paul for a definition of philosophy."

Dr. Paul.—In all ages of the world philosophy has been known as the warm love for genuine truth. Cicero, who was a king in the domain of thought, used these words, "*Qui studet omnium rerum philosophi appeletur*"—that is, he who studies all things is called a philosopher. At the threshold of the goodly Temple of Truth we may well bow our heads. We got one idea yesterday. We are perhaps getting only a conjecture to-day. By inquiry and perception we become wise. We are wonders. Life is a bundle of mysteries of which death is the last. If we know but little, still it hungers us for more.

To the good, eternity will be a perpetual feast. In ancient times thinking men arranged themselves according to their tastes into various *Philosophic Schools*.

At the Grecian Public Games sprightly men called rhapsodists recited the poems of Homer, and made comments upon them. Some established schools and were called philosophers.

Prominent among them were,

1. The *Italian* school founded by Pythagoras, who believed in the transmigration of souls.

2. The *Socratic*, founded by Socrates, who insisted on the excellence of virtue, the immortality of the soul and state of reward and punishment.

3. The *Cynic*, founded by Antisthenes, and spread by his pupil Diogenes, who condemned all knowledge, society, and arts of life.

4. The *Academic*, founded by Plato, who dealt in ideal forms and mystical accounts of ancient gods, and taught that the human soul is a portion of Divinity.

5. The *Peripatetics*, founded by Aristotle, the ablest logician of antiquity. This school was made up of moving lights, going from town to town, and who aimed at perfection in matter and self-development.

6. The *Sceptical*, by Pyrrho, who taught universal doubt.

7. The *Stoical*, founded by Zeno, who made insensibility a virtue.

8. The *Epicurians*, who called pleasure the supreme good.

9. The most ancient of all, the *Ionic*, founded by Thales, who taught that divinity animates the universe, as the soul does the body.

The influence of these schools spread far and wide down the ages, and have many followers even to-day. But the blessed light of Christianity has surpassed

the glories of ancient philosophy, taught humanity not only how to live wisely, but to die happily, and has held aloft its torch to guide the soul into the land of unending bliss.

The Deity allows some strange events to occur, because he does not wish to fetter the will of angels or men. Also as war victoriously ended makes glory for nations, so evil wisely restrained makes glory for God. God allows evil but does not enforce it, just as he made fire, but does not spread it.

Milton Rainbow.—All rational creatures receive their animation from the life principle of the universe, spirit, eternal and divine. This being a philosophic club, I ask this question. Why not solve one great natural problem thus: that man has had fathers, all the way backward forever?

Parson.—Which is reasonable that frail man, or sovereign God existed forever?

Milton Rainbow.—It is most reasonable that God was first.

The Lawyer.—I am an independent thinker but devout. Better for all, inside some church than out in the cold.

Editor.—This is surely a miscellaneous meeting. Let us converse on literature.

The Club rapidly reviewed some of the books that will endure with the pyramids, Æsop's Fables, Pil-

grim's Progress, Arabian Nights, Vicar of Wakefield, Robinson Crusoe, Don Quixote, Ivanhoe, etc.

Modern literature was examined, and the histories, travels, poems, and works of fiction that adorn the nineteenth century were held up with commendable pride. Ere long it became evident that a side discussion of considerable spirit was springing up between the nephew and lawyer, as to the comparative merits of Paradise Lost, and the works of Shakespeare.

Lawyer.—God made the people, Shakespeare drew their portraits on his fadeless canvas and hung them upon the walls of time so that in all coming ages humanity might take warning from the bad, courage from the good, and refreshment from the merry. How just is the remark, "Self-love is not so vile a sin as self-neglect." How deep is the plot of Hamlet! How terrible the story of Othello! What delightful confusion in the Wives of Windsor. What pictures of avarice, mercy, friendship, in The Merchant of Venice.

Nephew.—Far be it from me to say a word against the genius of Shakespeare, but he had only his own. John Milton had a different genius, one of bold sublimity. As Dr. Blair admits, whoever opens the pages of Paradise Lost finds himself at once in the company of wonderful beings, celestial, human and

infernal. Heaven, earth and hell contribute not only character but scenery! The blazing throne of the Almighty, the appearance of the Messiah and the Creation of the world are drawn by a pencil almost divine. The ambitious projects of Satan are startling, while the war of the angels, and the sight of the Fallen Host are gloomy and dreadful.

As Milton Rainbow resumed his seat Rev. Dr. Paul, the village parson, arose and said, "Our friend Mr. Galloway has brought to our knowledge a paraphrase of this sublime poem, prepared by our worthy associate, who has just spoken words forcible and just. Will he please read for us his bold effort?"

It was done. Profound silence rested upon the company, which was broken by these words of the clergyman:

"The magnificent poem of *Paradise Lost* has been the peculiar treasure of people of deep mental culture,—this skillful outline will prove a favor to the world. Heaven grant that our young friend may lead the higher life for which his tastes and talents fit him so eminently."

Then arose Solomon, the chairman, who earnestly said: "My nephew, smother not the sacred fire. Would to God you saw things as we see them. You are born a Prince of the Kingdom. Why live on the follies of earth, when the very nectar of heaven is

held to your lips? Rise up, my nephew, and prepare for manhood and the Centennial!"

The club resumed the subject of literature, and soon was heard the call, "Mr. Galloway, he always knows what to say."

Mr. Galloway.—The world is full of books, some good, some bad, and some a continuous twaddle in consecutive chapters. Many are sickly, sentimental books, full of soft sweet nonsense, others filled with blood, thunder, and fury, and the heroes get hung in the last chapter instead of the first, which would have been better; some blessed books full of sunshine and wisdom.

To add to the high debate Major Plump woke up the eccentric old Dr. Chloral, who looked startled and said: "Ah yes, surely, keep your digestion healthy, and your credit good, by taking regular doses of my Compound Tincture, and let bad books alone."

Whereupon a wild rascal, Bob Porter, ventured to remark, "That smacks of the shop." The old doctor caught the words, and looking sharply at the offender, repeated, "Smacks of the shop, does it, you young vagabond? If you smacked more of the shop, it would be better, for you were put on the market too soon. You are a mere shell, totally destitute of parts, too ignorant for a schoolmaster, too weak for a blacksmith, too cowardly for a constable, too dirty for a rag-

picker, too lazy for anything but what you are, and that's a dunce. No more Mr. Impudence, or I'll speak to you."

How unconsciously does one person imitate another, for the members of the club followed the doctor and advertised their wares as follows :

Editor Quillstick.—Gentlemen, this would be a dull world without any news. My Weekly Town Press gives universal satisfaction, and at two dollars a year, crowns the climax of economy and pleasure. There is something to be proud of. (*Opens out a specimen.*)

Counselor Lawblower.—That by which all things endure, is law.

Major Plump.—Gentlemen, where would be our defense, without the military ? It cools off an enemy to run him through with the bayonet.

To give force to the remark, the gallant major made a thrust at the editor with his cane, which ran between his arm and body.

Milton Rainbow.—

Much that you speak of touches earth,
But there is something blooms beyond the clouds ;
Refreshes man's weak spirit ; and doth hang
A fadeless garland on the brow of love,
God's dowered daughter—Poetry.

Rev. Dr. Paul.—Quite true, my brother, and well said.

'Tis fancy makes us happy while we live,
Religion wealthy when we're dead.

The Chairman, Sol. Rainbow.—

Our farming class includes you all
As soldiers we serve on the staff of life,
Apply the cultured lotion to sick soils,
And publish two editions of our works,
One in early, one in later harvest,
And find in them both poetry and prose,
Mindful of law, in ministry of faith,
We sow ; in hope of resurrection.

At this point in the proceedings Editor Quillstick arose, and with that suavity and dignity which so harmoniously blended in the gallant journalist, remarked :

“Mr. Chairman.—This is a *Miscellaneous Meeting* and therefore allow me to say, that there looms up in future a subject of prodigious proportions—Woman's Rights. I have long been *aid de camp*, body guard, and head servant to her Majesty, my wife, and she says man will soon be a mere speck in the horizon, and woman become the horizon itself. Let us hear from Major Plump.

The Major.—My name is Plump—Major Plump. I have been in the military from my youth up, for my father was a captain, and my mother more than a captain. As to army and navy, forces and sieges and rights of war, I am familiar; but as to Woman's Rights, as ignorant as a cartridge box.

(Calls for Dr. Chloral.)

The Doctor.—For a patient dangerously down with the dumps, I prescribe regular doses of Rainbow Club on a full stomach. Melodious merriment is salubrious. Whoever invents a remedy like my Compound Tincture of Paregoric and Liveforever or makes a telegraph pudding like Madame Jemima, deserves a higher monument, and larger at the bottom, than he who discovers a planet. The power of concentration is what we want in men or women. The other day I was called in consultation with four other doctors over a man with a swelled face. The whole four said it must be poulticed. I said *No*, it needs to be lanced and it shall be lanced, and before they could stop me I had the man cut to the bone. Yes, to the very bone, sir! (*Cries of "did he get well."*) No. The poor man died; but then he would have died anyway.

Amid laughter, the Doctor closed his rambling discourse.

Milton Rainbow.—In my opinion woman is almost perfect. All that is still needed, is that some way be found to make her bonnets last forever.

Lawyer.—A bonnet never does wear out; it is the fashion that does.

Aunt Jemima, who usually wore a modest attire, had signalized the evening by a stylish new cap, a work of art, the gift of admiring friends. The ladies

urged her to speak, and the head-dress giving courage she walked toward the table when the nephew announced,

Men, stand aside, great things will now be done,
Here comes a woman with her night-cap on.

Jemima.—Massie sakes alive! Hear the fellow talk! This is no night-cap for women, but an evening cap for ladies. It is enough to give anyone the hysterics to see men making fools of themselves abusing the women. Here is Milton Rainbow, very hoighty-toighty, and he don't know anything more about Woman's Rights than a potato-bug. And here is Lawblower. I've seen him walking to church, strutting along and every minute looking about to see if his coat-tails were swinging just right, and saying no doubt to himself, "Here is style for you, look at me and my wife and my daughter, Hydrangia."

Amid general applause Jemima walked back, while her laces and ribbons actually trembled.

The men in despair called on their Hercules, who said,

Mr. Galloway.—By old Cæsar, it is rich, but it only confirms what my grandfather used to say, "Give me an old man for wisdom, and an old woman for grit."

The chairman proclaimed the track free to all comers.

BOB PORTER'S GREAT SPEECH ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS
IN RAINBOW CLUB.

Mr. Speaker.—I always pay attention when the ladies speak. My mother could do more with me by just saying "Bob" than by all the thrashings I ever got. I love good philosophy, but there is as much difference between poor and good as between cold weak tea and chocolate cream.

I say, let the women have their rights, moral and religious, matrimonial and political. I believe one of Woman's Rights is to have a good honest husband. When I get married I will put some good woman in full possession of as kind a husband as ever fluttered.

Mr. Speaker, What is matrimony? In my opinion, it is an institution under which the privilege of nursing the baby is considered a sufficient compensation for mending the clothes of its father. Whether this pays or not, depends on what sort of a father it has. If it be anything like myself or other gentlemen present, why the pay would be liberal, but if like some I know of, it would be a losing business for the woman and no credit to the baby.

Civilization has done wonders for woman. It has raised her up on high-heeled shoes, and given her hopes, hoops, and a bustle.

If a woman wants to go visiting, she'll go, and all

creation cannot stop her. If she wants to stay home, all creation cannot make her go visiting. And when the majority of them wish to vote and be constable, they *will* vote and be constable, ordinary men to the contrary notwithstanding.

How much longer Bob would have continued is not known. Fortunately, he stooped to take a mouthful of water, when the lawyer moved him a vote of thanks, which was unanimously carried; and before the promising youth knew it, he was off his feet.

On motion this official announcement was made. Whereas, inasmuch, nevertheless,

Resolved, That if heaven had intended women to be men, they would have been made men in the beginning.

Resolved, That since women make such good housekeepers, mothers and wives, it is folly to make politicians of them.

When quiet was restored and adjournment proposed, Aunt Jemima said in her peculiar way, "You men are good enough at talking, but when it comes to the necessities of life, you must look up to providence and the women." So saying she opened the door, and at once in came servants, with white aprons on, bearing plates of sandwiches, cake, coffee, and ice-cream.

Milton Rainbow exchanged eloquent glances with the parson's adopted daughter, (whose history we have given) Gypsy Jennie.

Dr. Paul.—I give a sentiment. "May our worthy chairman, and his worthy wife never be without good coffee, and never be without good friends to help them drink it. Then the miscellaneous meeting of the Rainbow Club merrily *adjourned*."

CHAPTER XVI.

NOT long after the scenes we have just described, a special meeting of the club took place. The chairman, editor, and lawyer were the only ones present. With these quietly seated, the lawyer made this startling announcement, "Gentlemen, of course you notice the absence of our brother, for whose benefit this club was founded. As you all well know, his father, John Rainbow, Esq., has for the last few weeks been unusually feeble. His physicians say that he must soon die. His son is constantly at his side. Gentlemen, I have a secret to tell, that concerns us most intimately. On condition of secrecy, I will read it."

All vowed silence.

Lawyer.—You are aware that John's wife is dead, and that Milton is his only child. But still farther, John owns the valuable farm on which he lives, but I assure you, gentlemen, that he has twenty-five thousand dollars in money. At his request, I have written his last will and testament, in which I am named as sole executor. But still further, in this will that he has made, he gives this splendid farm and all upon it to his son Milton, to be his, his heirs

and assigns forever. But still further, in this will John divides the interest of the twenty-five thousand dollars among the members of the Rainbow Club."

"Can it be possible," said the worthy chairman. "Heaven be praised," ejaculated the devout Quillstick.

In his excitement, the editor started for the door, saying: "Let us at once go and thank the generous old man."

But the lawyer met him with these terrible words, "Quillstick, if you speak a syllable to old Rainbow, or young Rainbow, or to any living soul concerning this business, I swear by all the saints in the calendar, I will kill you dead as a tombstone."

The terrible manner of the lawyer sobered the editor, who apologized for his unseemly haste, and the three repledged fidelity and secrecy, and then *adjourned*.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE DEATH, BURIAL AND WILL OF JOHN RAINBOW, WITH SOME RESULTS THEREOF.

AS we have intimated, the elder Rainbow was drawing near to the close of his long, honorable and devout life. He was under the impression that his son was a young man destined to usefulness, if well guided, but might become a light-headed spendthrift if his property were all left free.

We may also mention that the son knew not his father's wealth. He knew of the homestead and five thousand dollars. But the father many years before, had privately made some investments, which were very profitable, and now amounted to twenty thousand dollars. Guided by extreme caution, he concluded to leave the farm to the son, and the money to the club; knowing that his son would thereby receive all he expected and be also guarded, until age should bring experience, experience wisdom, and wisdom bring sobriety.

Notwithstanding filial nurture, and medical care skilfully given by one whose family had given name

to a town in Orange County, the worn-out body gave way, and the father's eyes closed in death.

The Rev. Dr. Paul preached a suitable funeral sermon. He counselled his hearers,

“Nor love thy life, nor hate, but what thou livest
Live well, how long or short permit to heaven.”

Pointing to the coffin, the minister said, “After death's sullen consummation he sleeps well. Beautiful even in his old age, he is now silent and cold. We are of a two-fold nature, physical, the house we live in, spiritual, what governs the house. In the case of our aged friend, his lease having expired, the tenant has departed, and the house has fallen into ruins. But the timbers shall be preserved, and the building be raised again, remodeled, beautiful, eternal,

When the long Sabbath of the tomb be past.”

The mourners were not few, for sympathy draws many to where sorrow rules. The Rainbow Club walked after the casket. The bells sadly tolled, as the procession slowly made its way through the main village street toward the quiet city of the dead. Across the Wallkill could be plainly seen another home of departed, where lies all that could die of the Dutch settlers of the Wallkill Valley. A little farther on, under the shadow of the hills, was still a third hamlet of those at rest; in which a marble column truthfully

speaks of one of later fame, as "a wise counsellor, a good man, and a just."

On the return of the club from the burial, Milton Rainbow invited the members to dine at his house. The lawyer thus expressed himself: "Friend Milton, how much property think you, did your father leave?"

The son made answer, "Five thousand and this homestead."

Lawyer.—If you get five thousand dollars and this homestead, you will give any other property to the club, will you not?

Rainbow.—Yes, gladly, gentlemen, and I wish you all to look upon this place as your home, as well as mine. I will divide my last loaf and last dollar with the Rainbow Club.

Lawyer.—My generous friend, I have in my possession your father's last will, in which the plan you speak of has been acted on.

"Can it be possible!" cried the company; "read it, read it."

THE WILL.

I, John Rainbow, of the town of Montgomery, County of Orange, and State of New York, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do on this 13th day of April, in the year 1874, make, publish and declare this my last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills by me made.

I give, devise and bequeath unto my beloved and only son, Milton Rainbow, to him, his heirs and assigns forever, my

homestead farm and utensils, stock and appurtenances thereto belonging, containing one hundred acres, more or less.

Having thus made him sole owner of his home, I request him to honor my memory, and profit himself by heeding these three items of counsel, to wit :

1. Do your work well, and do it in the time of it.
2. In summer provide for winter, in life prepare for death.
3. My son, if you think of anything unusually sharp, don't say it, but if you think of something uncommonly good or discreet, do it.

I also give unto my said son Milton, the interest of five thousand dollars.

I also give unto my good brother Solomon the interest of five thousand dollars.

I give unto my friend and pastor, Rev. Dr. Paul, the interest of five thousand dollars.

I give unto my friend and attorney, D. W. Lawblower, the interest of five thousand dollars.

I give unto my friend, H. G. Quillstick, the interest of five thousand dollars.

I command my executor to keep the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars (now deposited, subject to his draft, in the Newburgh Savings Bank) invested in government bonds or on real estate, the proceeds of which he is to pay semi-annually to the persons above named.

It is my wish that they continue to constitute the Rainbow Club. It is my will, that when a vacancy occurs in said club by death, that such share as belonged to the person dying, shall be equally divided between the survivors, in addition to what they previously had, and so on until there be but one member left, and to such last survivor I give the said principal sum of twenty-five thousand dollars, but only in case my said son should already have died, leaving no wife or legal issue. Should my said son leave any surviving wife or legal issue, it is my will that they should receive my son's semi-annual dividend. If at the death of the last surviving member of the said club, a wife or any legal issue of my said son should survive,

it is my will that to them shall go absolutely, jointly and equally the said twenty-five thousand dollars.

I direct my executor to pay all my just debts promptly.

I hereby nominate, constitute and appoint Daniel W. Lawblower to be executor of this will, whom I request to confer with my son in all matters pertaining to my estate.

To all of which I sign my name,

JOHN RAINBOW.

Witnessed by,

J. JONES, H. BROWN.

The proceeds were deposited (subject to draft) in Goshen, Newburgh, Walden and Middletown, as these banks are managed by those having mind, manners and money, as the writer well knows.

The son was happy, and begged his brothers to aid him in fulfilling the hopes of his parents. The Club prospered on the thousand dollars that every half year came into its treasury.

At its expense the old mansion was modernized; and the grounds and outbuildings wisely adorned. A veranda sustained honeysuckles, sweet columbines, while Virginia creepers and wisteria ascended to the roof. The parlor was made to resemble that of Sir Walter Scott's, of Abbotsford. It became headquarters. Over its entrance was this motto from the father's will.

"In summer provide for winter,
In life prepare for death."

The prosperity of the club elevated it in public

esteem. The office of the Town Press was enlarged, and editorials were taken as genuine gospel, while the lawyer hinted at Congress. The village parson, Dr. Paul, gave his dividend to his adopted Jennie. The club cherished the memory of their benefactor, and his portrait adorned the club room, over the chair.

The poor were not forgotten, whether Protestant or Catholic or Hebrew. By aid of citizens, reading-room, library and lectures were sustained. Trees were planted on the highways, prizes given in the schools, and generous dinners given so as to elevate the thought, and cheer the heart.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WE propose to make an advance of nearly a year in our story. Have we not had a busy season in this 1874? We have told you of the organization of the club in the welcome month of May. We have recorded their travels and adventures during the summer. We have reported their debates in full session, and recited the scenes of the death and burial of the father, and detailed his generous legacy. The romantic history of Jennie has been portrayed, and the secret divulged that Milton the son, was falling in love. We are now at the beginning of winter, and what shall we do about it? You say, "Suppose we jump over it?" Agreed, with all my heart. Now we have done so.

But the young people went through the winter, not over it. They attended the singing schools, and social parties. They had their sleigh-rides, during which the moonbeams played coquette with the lovers, and the lovers with each other. They had their festivals, and went out to lectures and entertainments. Parties journeyed to the cities, to attend the opera, while others sported in the social gathering

playing "hunt the slipper," "going to Boston," and jolly "copenhagen." Besides, the serious services of worship were not neglected.

Early in the spring of 1875 the club convened. The son had truly mourned for his father, but time dulls sorrow, and 'tis best. The natural gayety of his disposition remained, but it was more elevated and refined.

Chairman.—Gentlemen, I welcome your presence here to-night. Winter, with its comforts and discomforts, has retreated, leaving joyous spring in full possession of the field. My dear nephew seems gathering strength for the battle of life. He has enjoyed the bright example and priceless counsel of his father and mother, of whom remains precious memory. My nephew, pray be attentive while we hold up before you still again, the noble characters of our National History. Next year is the Centennial. Your welfare is constantly before us. Remember Franklin, the Patriot Philosopher.

Major Plump.—Let me speak for John Adams, and Thomas Jefferson. I also commend the courage of old Putnam.

Mr. Galloway.—Don't neglect Marion and his men, Richard Henry Lee, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and Patrick Henry. Imitate the heroes, and be fully prepared to go to the Centennial Exhibition

next summer, and shake hands with all Africans one hundred years old and over, who held Washington's horse, and ran for the doctor when there was sickness in the family.

Rainbow.—There is sickness in my family, I am sick. I have a deep-seated and mysterious malady, that has not reached its height.

Chairman.—Nephew, you pain me thus to speak. Are you in sport?

Rainbow.—No, never in deeper earnest.

Chairman.—Good Doctor Chloral, prescribe, lest worse he grow.

Doctor.—I see no buff upon his tongue from fever, but I detect within his eye, fear of rebuff from a maiden.

Chairman.—Keep us no longer in suspense. Tell us what is wrong with him.

Doctor, snuffing.—Wrong? Nothing is wrong. The poor fellow is in love.

Major Plump.—He should tell his trouble. It is my opinion plump.

Rainbow.—If love be trouble, I'm in trouble. Heaven knows I am in love. Yes, I'm on fire, and all the waters on the globe cannot put me out. Every fibre of my being calls for the maiden I must have or die.

(Cries of "name her, name her.")

Rainbow.—The graces call her Sister, mortals,
Gypsy Jennie.

Doctor.—It pays to get a wife worth caring for.
I prescribe you pop the question.

Rainbow.—Alas ! how can I till I'm taught.

(*Cries for* " *Mr. Galloway, he always knows what to say.*")

Mr. Galloway.—No teaching required. It is a natural gift. The marriage question is like corn on a stove. When it gets hot enough, the question pops itself.

Major Plump.—Are you really anxious to wed Jennie, adopted daughter of the village parson? Why not take Miss Gabriella Gold-dust, who has seven maiden aunts, all rich ; and a grandmother with twenty thousand, and the phthisic, all of which you'll get.

Rainbow.—Never, even if every hair of her head hung with jewels. Give me the girl of my choice. To-morrow, I send the final challenge.

Mr. Galloway.—It is my advice, to avoid all challenge, much better to fall upon your knees, and beg for mercy.

Rainbow.—Rashly she may throw herself away to a fellow from the west.

Mr. Galloway.—Be watchful. When she throws herself away, catch her in *your* arms.

Chairman.—Nephew, forget not thy manhood. Remember this blazing noon of the nineteenth century. More I cannot say, save this, remember thou art immortal.

Rainbow.—There is a better life. Help me, good friends, to find it.

CHAPTER XIX.

SCENE,—A ROOM AT CLOVER HILL PARSONAGE.

(Enter Jennie.)

WELL, well, well, what a strange life I lead! Oh my dear, but unknown mother, art thou living or dead? And my father, I must have had a father, but who? Oh that I had a brother to give me counsel. How I would lean upon his shoulder, look in his face, and love him. Will I ever know why my mother left me at Farmer Grey's? I would not pry into the book of fate. Have patience, oh my soul, perhaps the leaves may of themselves open most graciously. Do I love this cheerful, witty Rainbow? Yes I do. His very oddities are pleasant, while to his manly gallantry my heart doth make obeisance. Yes, I love him. Does he love me? He says he does. 'Tis hard to think one's lover is a liar.

(A knock is heard at the door.)

Jennie.—All things make me tremble; what now I wonder! *(Opens the door.)*

Servant.—There is a colored boy without, who bears a letter for thy hands alone.

Jennie.—Bid him come in.

(*Enter Pompey Cæsar.*)

Boy.—Miss Jennie, de gentleman who sent dis letter, am werry anxious. I been acquainted wid him fust an last, more dan considerable. He is first quality of No. One. He gub me a gineine dollar to do dis business correct. Dars de letter, good-bye to your ladyship. (*Boy retires—Jennie reads.*)

“*My Precious Darling.*—This very night, at eight o'clock, I shall beseech you to bid me live, by saying yes ; or sign my death warrant by a fatal No. Till then in hope, but hopeful or despairing,

Ever yours,

MILTON RAINBOW.”

Jennie.—Comes now, sweet summer laughing o'er the hills, or hideous winter with its sullen train? Say I yes, what be I then? Say I no, what be I now! These hours are brief. I'll weigh this question in the scales of counsel and of prayer. (*Exit Jennie.*)

Our readers will see at a glance, that we are treating of delicate affairs. The sacred surroundings of courtship are usually like some gentleman's park, ornamented with the placard, “No trespassing allowed here.”

But as it is to be presumed, some natural curiosity may exist as to how these romantic lovers revealed their sentiments, we will disclose what we know. But before doing so, we will say, that after reading her

suitor's message, like a prudent daughter, Jennie told her adopted parents, Dr. Paul and wife.

We will just here record our opinion, that among all the difficult positions in this world, there are few more difficult to be filled acceptably, than that of a clergyman's wife.

Though not expected to preach; if she attend some meeting on Monday; go to Bible class on Tuesday; the church lecture Wednesday; the sewing-circle Thursday; prepare for festival for Friday; lead female prayer-meeting Saturday; teach colored infant class Sunday; why she is a martyr, and speedily vanishes. But if she heed her own home, she is thought exclusive.

Mrs. Paul was of this latter class. She shared the parish work with the other ladies, but said she married her husband, and not the entire congregation. Being decided and wise her advice was precious.

Mrs. Paul surveyed Rainbow's proposal with a woman's eye, and smiled.

It is now eight o'clock in the evening. Jennie enters the parlor of Clover Hill parsonage. She arranges the furniture, sets flowers on the mantel, smooths her attire and waits.

Hark! a loud rap is at the door.

Jennie.—My, my. Lord Rainbow is urgent to-night.

Jennie opens the door, Rainbow enters and taking her by the hand says, "Ah, my pretty page, I owe you one."
(*Kisses her.*)

While this was transpiring, the parson, Rev. Dr. Paul, stepped forward and said, "Why, Mr. Rainbow, what are you and my daughter doing?"

Milton replied, "We are living according to St. Paul, where he says, 'Greet one another with a holy kiss.'"

Dr. Paul.—I fear it was none of Paul's kisses; but one of your own getting up. But I'll not intrude.
(*Exit Minister.*)

Having entered the parlor, a few moments were spent in converse on the topics of the day, such as views of present, and surmises of future weather, club, parish and village news, which are wondrous factors in problems of conversation.

Ere long Milton Rainbow made bold to speak.

Rainbow.—Jennie, my darling, suspense is painful. You've had another week. Your father, mother, heaven itself have been on the jury, what is the verdict? Will you marry me?

Jennie.—Be seated, sir. I cannot answer your seemly question in unseemly haste. Marriage, 'tis well to ponder well.

Rainbow.—You are so wise, you must be all philosophers in one. I'm a lover now. Will you marry me,—or—no?

Jennie.—Are you quite certain my uncertain birth will not make winter of me to thy touch, when love's first June is over? for I was dropped from fate's bundle at a farmer's door.

Rainbow.—Yes, I am certain. Some I admire, but you I love. Many are good, but you are best. If need be I will swear.

Jennie.—It is not good to swear. I'll take thy word.

Rainbow.—And I'll take thine, will you be my wife?

Jennie.—*Yes, I will.*

Rainbow.—

Then the night is over, and the day is come.

As help to keep my vows, I ask

From off the manna of thy lips,

One slight repast. (*He kisses her.*)

Folly, farewell; I'll solve life's problem nobly as I can,

And strive henceforth to be a man.

CHAPTER XX.

WEDDING OF RAINBOW AND JENNIE.

TIME, which brings all things on, soon brought the appointed wedding. Never did a fairer morning ripen into a brighter day. Jennie slept the sleep of the angels all night, and not until the fairy fingers of morning had been sometime tugging at her eye-lids, did she come back from dreamland to be married. Ah, what a host of hopes and fears arise on one's wedding day! The young man proudly resolves to be true, but what does the maiden think?

Alas! alas! that ever man,
Should woman's trust betray,
Love saved his life by saying yes,
When fear would answer, nay.

The committee was early on the ground, making needful preparations. The beautiful grassy knoll north of the Rainbow mansion, was swept clean and soft as a Brussels carpet. About ten o'clock the people began to gather, in accordance with the following notice published in the Town Press:

The Wedding Ceremony of Milton Rainbow and Jennie, will take place at Noon, on the 20th day of May, 1875, in the

open air, at the Rainbow Mansion. All who wish them well, are invited to be present.

By order of the Rainbow Club.

By eleven o'clock the adjoining orchard was well filled. By the time the great clock in the heavens marked noon, the company seemed an army, listening to the steam voice waking the echoes of the Wallkill Valley. The view from the spot is charming. Towering mountain, winding river, nestling village, smoking cottage, fairy nook, all cast their tribute into the treasury of this magnificent prospect.

A sound of music was heard, and then six beautiful girls, arrayed in white, and singing sweetly, issued from the house, and after a short walk, stood upon the lawn on the summit of the hill. Then six young men left the house, walked forward, and each took a girl by each hand, and formed a ring.

Then Rev. Dr. Paul came on, followed by Rainbow and Jennie. They walk to the summit, the ring opens, and over the hushed multitude rises the voice of prayer. The parties join hands, and in the sunlight, in presence of God, angels, and men, Rainbow and Jennie are wedded.

At a given signal, the famous old field piece called the Bison, was fired from a neighboring hill. Then the village bells rang out, while the people cheered. The ring around the bride and groom breaks into

fragments, singing and dancing. The groom kisses his bride, the young people, God bless them, kiss one another, and the cup of joy is full.

But quickly the scene is changed. On the green grass, covers are spread for a rural picnic. From innumerable baskets are taken the materials for a feast. The children store away a marvelous amount of food in their miraculous little stomachs. The afternoon hours glided away in varied diversion. The day was fading ere the last of the company wished long life and happiness to Rainbow and his bride. Lawblower, as Attorney General to the club, said the marriage contract was equally binding on both sides. Quillstick promised to embalm the day in one of his ablest editorials, while Mr Galloway, who always capped the climax, "hoped that the sky of their futurity might be spangled by an indefinite number of little Rainbows."

CHAPTER XXI.

IN the dim light of the stars a dark complexioned man is urging a clergyman to follow him.

They advance but a few steps at a time, then stop, engage in earnest conversation, and move on. The minister halts.

Gypsy.—Halt not, thou man of God. The case is urgent. The old woman cannot die till she has revealed some dreadful secret of her life.

The minister advances a little space, then halts again.

Gypsy.—Did I not say halt not? I swore to bring you, and I will.

The gypsy takes minister roughly by the shoulder.

Minister.—Force me not. I have strong muscles and hot blood like thee.

Gypsy.—What hast thou then to fear?

Minister.—I fear treachery, darkness and death.

Gypsy.—There is no thought of treachery. As for darkness, let this glittering dagger give thee light. (*draws a dirk.*) And as for death, by all my father's gods I swear, this thirsty steel shall drink thy blood, if ye but halt again.

Minister.—Heaven guide me in this solemn hour.
Thou “hast me on the hip,” I’ll go.

After the May wedding, the parties took possession of Rainbow mansion. The groom at once struck a dramatic attitude and said,

“Byron hath nobly sung—almost

‘Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll,
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain,
Man marks the earth with ruin, his control
Stops with the *door*; inside doth woman reign.’”

The Bride.—Sir, your doctrine is orthodox, may your conduct exemplify it. I too have heard wild Byron sing,

“Man’s love is of man’s life a thing apart,
’Tis woman’s whole existence. Man may range
The court, camp, church, the vessel and the mart.
Men have all these resources—woman one,
To love again, and be again undone.”

The married life so happily begun, was happily continued. The bride bore her honors with gentle dignity, making her home a heaven. Near the middle of the honey-moon, Lawblower made this inquiry, “Brother Milton, what think you of the married life?”

The happy groom responded, “It is the only life, others are ways of not living.”

Uncle Solomon, with a merry twinkle in his eye, warned him against becoming too happy, and added,

"Nephew, this is a changeable world, and we have all got to die."

The nephew replied, "Uncle, that is true, we should prepare for death, but if Aunt Jemima should drop off, you might look around for another woman instead of dying."

At this moment, Jennie the bride coming in, welcomed the friends, then turning to the groom, while a smile lit up her face, said, "And what doth my lord, my husband, wish of his wife."

"Bravo," said the editor, while the lawyer sighed.

Jennie was pleased shortly to add, "Gentlemen, walk in to dinner, where you shall have something as acceptable as compliments and more satisfactory. At the table, it was decided that the newly-married couple should proceed at once upon their wedding trip.

They were ingeniously proclaimed too young to venture out alone, and Quillstick and Lawblower were detailed as guard.

Whereupon the chairman, Solomon Rainbow, Esq., with a gallantry that adorned his sex, volunteered to cherish the widows and children during their absence.

CHAPTER XXII.

RAINBOW AND JENNIE ON THEIR WEDDING TRIP.—
MUTUAL DISCOVERY OF BROTHER AND SISTER.

AS the golden gates of day, "opened at touch of dawn," the sun rose unextinguished from his ocean bed, and smiled upon the Rainbow Club, the members of which had assembled just in time to bid the sun and one another a cheery good morning.

In two hours more, (as swift-winged as a pair of carrier doves) Rainbow and Jennie, Quillstick and Lawblower, stepped from the Montgomery platform to the cars, which hastened to New York, where, in varied diversion the day was lost.

When Night lay down to sleep, and Morn rose up to play, the club decided to visit that lovely arena, where Nature and Art vie in friendly strife, the boast of New York, the gem of America, Central Park. The travelers began the day unconscious of the thrilling scenes to be witnessed ere it should rest.

Having entered a carriage, the friends were driven rapidly northward through the broad avenues to the entrance gate of the Park. Ah! but here are sights

worth crossing an ocean to see. Broad, level driving-ways, hedged in by marvellous shrubs and smooth foot-paths fringed with flowers.

Here splendid coaches are rolling, yonder gay courtiers and ladies are whirling like fairy figures on steeds that are proudly prancing. The carriage containing our travelers, sweeps past the sweet Lake of Venice, where gondolas are playing, and past the charming Ramble. Now Prospect Hill is reached, and Quillstick's telescopic eye sweeps round the circle, gathering up those images destined to adorn some able editorial in a future number of the Town Press. The Commissioners of the Park had lately put upon its list of wonders, a miniature establishment, called "The Old Times Cottage," with its full quota of neat little farm buildings, and a well of water, with its old-fashioned bucket and sweep.

At this well, the carriage containing the Rainbow Club had now stopped. Milton at once gets out, and having given to Jennie and the friends, and the driver a cooling drink, he stands with his hat in one hand, and a cup of water in the other.

Just at this moment, another carriage, a magnificent one, slowly comes up to the spot where Milton is standing. At once he had one of his revelations and loudly calls, "*Ho*, every one that thirsteth, stop and drink." At the sound of the word "*Ho*," the horses

stopped, and the persons inside the carriage quickly looked out. The incident was so unique in its character and effect, that the gentleman within, with much good humor, directed the driver to halt a moment longer.

In this carriage were two persons besides the driver. One was a young gentleman about twenty-two years old, and a young lady hardly as much as twenty. They were both richly dressed, especially the lady, who wore over her head a bridal veil.

Milton, with all that headlong assurance so natural to hot-blooded Americans, addressed the strangers as follows: "Friends, you see before you a portion of the Rainbow Club. As for myself, I am Rainbow of Orange, all the year round. I was about to drink to the health of Jennie, my bride."

The young man in the carriage exclaims, "Halt, my worthy friend, till I come near you, and while you drink to the health of your bride, I will drink to mine." The two young men touch glasses and drink, while the brides wave their handkerchiefs, and bow to each other, and the bystanders cheer.

Rainbow to the stranger.—Sir, I told you my name, please tell me yours.

Stranger.—My name is Robert —, of New York. My father is a merchant of the world.

Rainbow.—I hear your words with sorrow, for as

we touched our glasses, I caught an expression in your face that sent an electric thrill to my finger tips, and I thought if my wife has a brother in the world, you are that brother. But as you belong to a wealthy family, while my wife (though all the world to me) was born a gypsy, it is impossible.

Robert.—Not impossible as you think, for I am only an adopted son. You married a gypsy girl, my wife married a gypsy boy.

Here Jennie, who had been listening with rapt attention, suddenly turned pale, and was saved from fainting by a glass of water.

The group stood around, and glanced from one to another, and whispered, "they seem of kin, for they have similar eyes, features, voice and figure."

Milton was the next to speak, and in tones tremulous with emotion inquired of the stranger if he could give any account of his early life.

Robert made answer, "I was left by my parents in the New York Home for Friendless. They stated to the authorities, so I have since learned, that though born in a gypsy camp, I am not of gypsy blood. Whether my parents are still living I know not, but I have heard they called once at the Home after I had left it, and spoke of a little daughter they had left at a farmer's house." Here Jennie became overpowered and gradually sank to the ground.

Her husband sprang forward to catch her, exclaiming, "Help, help, she is fainting, she is dying." Then looking on her pallid face he cried out in agony, "Oh, my God, she is dead."

Robert's wife, named Alice, then sprang from the carriage and sprinkled water on Jennie's face, and gave her a breath from one of those reviving little bottles that prudent ladies always carry with them.

Soon she revived enough to say, "Oh, my husband."

Rainbow.—My darling, come back to me and life.

Robert.—My friend, perhaps my sister, open your eyes on me.

Jennie.—Brother, there is my hand.

Rainbow.—Give him your heart as well.

Jennie.—How can I, husband! thou hast that. But why did ye wake me quite so soon. I had a vision. Was it my mother? And, oh kind heaven, that I might have seen her face!

(Suddenly Jennie swoons again.)

Rainbow.—Help, help, she's gone again.

Alice.—Fall back, oh friends, and let her rest. Body and soul will wake refreshed.

Jennie quickly revives and says, "Thank God, I'm back to stay. All doubt is gone. You are my brother."

Robert.—Kind friends, come home with me. My father's princely heart and mother's queenly smile will bid you welcome, and their house shall blaze with joy.

CHAPTER XXIII.

STRANGE indeed, were the feelings of Rainbow and Jennie as they entered the royal dwelling of the world's greatest merchant.

This gentleman through a long life of unparalleled devotion to business, had been retiring in his manner and choice in his friendships. But he was at once drawn to Jennie. His keen eye that had long been drilled to inspect the texture of silks and velvets, to notice similar shades of color, and fix the true standard of value, is now directed to scan the figure and soul of this bright and pleasant bride, and compare them with those of his adopted son. He pronounced them brother and sister.

Strange had been the opening buds of their fate, but the blossoms are beautiful and we hope the fruit will be pleasant.

First we had Jennie in the gypsy camp, an infant. Secondly, we had Jennie in the house of Farmer Grey, a child. Thirdly, we had her at Clover Hill parsonage, a maiden. Fourthly, we see her in the highest circles, a bride. Will she become dizzy with eleva-

tion, spoiled by flattery or haughty by prosperity? We will see.

It was generously proposed by the —— to give at their mansion a banquet and jubilee in honor of Robert's newly discovered sister. The proposal was gratefully accepted and cards were dispatched to special friends of the host and hostess, relatives in Boston and Chicago, well preserved families of New York and environs.

The Rainbow Club of Orange County, and friends from Brooklyn, Yorkville, and New Jersey, with representatives of city and vicinity press appeared in full force.

Even if we had the space, yet we would not do violence to the retiring tastes of the family by a minute description of this elegant banquet. We will merely mention the soft music that floated on the perfumed air, the many lights spreading the brightness of day throughout the dwelling, the polished ushers, the spacious and elegant apartments adorned with rich vases, carpets, paintings and festoons of flowers. We will not report minutely upon the magnificent attire of the ladies, or the diamonds that flashed the fadeless brightness born ages ago. We would just speak of the kindness and cultured grace with which host and hostess entertained the guests.

When the sumptuous feast and varied entertain-

ment was over, the guests were called together in the grand parlor.

By request, Rev. Dr. Paul came forward and said :
Valued Friends :

It is my joyful duty to quiet quivering hearts. In the hour of night I was lately called to the bedside of an aged gypsy woman, who lay dying. The strange guide threatened my life if I delayed, and I was constrained to follow him. I found her raised on pillows in a gypsy wagon, where she made this,

DYING CONFESSION.

Sir, near forty year ago, my husband and myself were in Windsor, England. Being childless, our covetous eyes fell upon a lovely little girl, whose nurse daily took her out to get her cheeks painted by the sun. While the nurse was busy, here and there, we stole the child by stratagem. We hid it for a season in the wilderness of London, and then hastened to America. The kingdom rang with calls of the father for his child, even as now in America for Charlie Ross of Philadelphia. Within a year after our arrival in this country, my husband enticed a boy sleeping in a house of entertainment. We strove to make the children believe that they were brother and sister, but they were a little too old, and remembered the incidents of their earlier life.

As they grew up to maturity, nature asserted the truth, and they hasted to a judge of Civil Law, by whom they were married. They returned to our gypsy camp, and lived with us several years longer. But although we treated them with the greatest kindness, which they repaid by kindness in return, still time could not blot out the lessons of infancy, and their whole nature rebelled against our wild roving life. In fact the young woman, who would go by no other name than Mary, made her husband swear that their children should not be allowed to grow up as gypsies.

Their first child, a boy, was left at some house of charity, in the city of New York. The second and last child, a daughter, was left at Farmer Grey's. That is your adopted daughter Jennie. At this time my husband's mind was soured against them, and he vowed vengeance against the farmer's life and property if they kept up any intercourse with this child. Soon the father and mother left the camp, and never returned. Take this little box. It contains one of two locketts that were around the neck of the girl we stole. Let it not be opened, save in Windsor.

Having thus spoken, the old woman covered her face with a blanket and I departed. In the morning the band had departed, no one knew whither.

The merchant stepped forward and said: "I

rejoice in being able to offer that which not only confirms the statement of the dying woman, but throws new light upon it. The facts to which you have just listened, were revealed to me in confidence, when by ocean telegraph I caused the files of English papers to be searched, with the result received to-day.

Dear Sir:—We have searched the records, and find that forty years ago, Capt. William Blake commanded the ship *Pro-pontis*, which was attacked by pirates, who were driven off by the courage and skill of a young Kentuckian named Boone. Boone married the captain's daughter, and lived on the estate at Windsor. Their only child, a beautiful little girl named Mary, was stolen from the Park. The mother soon grieved herself to death, but the father Jonathan Boone, and the aged grandsire Blake are still living, the latter is infirm, the former straight and active.

The merchant resumed, "I make this proposition, let Rainbôw and Jennie, Robert and Alice, cross the ocean at once, and on these American golden eagles, fly to their mother's early home, for I value money only to do good with it. To the brave son-in-law, and the gallant grandsire, let the long despaired of consolation come at last."

They sailed on the good ship *Bothnia*, of the *Cunard Line*. Dr. Paul gave the locket, and prayed, "heaven grant you joyous union with your kindred, and a safe return." Jennie said: "Fear not, sister Alice, God reigns on the sea, and there is Boone blood in Robert."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE king of the sea was merciful. Having arrived on British soil the four Americans proceeded to Windsor. Leaving the ladies in the carriage, Rainbow and Robert entered an inn, well kept by a rubicund landlord. Several draymen were disposing of ale and cheese, while with quivering voice Robert said, "Is there living in this town an aged Captain Blake?"

Landlord.—Aye, there is.

Robert.—Know you his son-in-law, Jonathan Boone?

Landlord.—God bless you, yes. He is my landlord. Every time a child dies he lowers the rent, and now alas, children and rent are next to nothing.

Robert.—Had he a child stolen, many years ago?

Landlord.—Aye, aye, the sweetest girl of Windsor.

Robert.—If she still live, I know not; but she is my mother and the mother of this man's wife. Go ye first to the captain, and to Jonathan Boone, who is my grandfather, break the news gently. We will follow with wives and proof.

*Scene in the Mansion of Captain Blake, Windsor,
England.*

A white-haired bowed old man is in his well-stuffed chair. It is Captain Blake. A well-preserved man of sixty is arranging a warm shawl over the Captain's shoulder. It is Jonathan Boone.

Boone.—Father, you rested well, nerve up, and take some food.

Blake.—Nay my son. My body is well nigh past feeding, but my soul has feasted on a vision that will bear me through. I saw my daughter Helen enter that door, looking as she did on the morning you married her, forty years ago. But my son she came as another man's wife, not yours.

Boone.—Dreams are fickle prophets, but tell me how he seemed?

Blake.—He was of a slender, nimble figure, and what is stranger still, Helen's brother seemed with her, she had no brother.

A knock is heard, and the landlord enters.

Landlord.—Good cheer, good people. I see the Captain is on deck to-day.

Blake.—Nay, John, not on deck. I'm in the cabin sick, soon to be tossed down the plank into the sea.

Landlord.—Mr. Boone, I would have a word in private.

As the two depart, a waiting-maid offers the Captain food, but he declines, saying, "A sinking ship cannot take even gold on board. Kate, you have been a good girl, you shall have your reward."

Jonathan Boone now returns, bringing Rainbow and Robert.

Blake exclaims, "These are the men I saw, but where is Helen?"

Boone leads up Jennie and says, "Tell me who this is?"

Blake.—I know not who she is, she seems like Helen; but it is growing dark. Light the candles, Kate, my head is turning.

Loving arms catch the Captain ere he falls. One raises a window, another fans him. Boone gives him cordial.

The Captain revives, gazes wildly and says, "Am I dreaming still? Keep nothing back. I have long lived in darkness. I would die in the light."

Boone.—Father, our little Mary was stolen by gypsies. She grew up and was married in America. This Robert and Jennie are her children. Whether Mary be living they know not, but look, they have brought back one of the lockets Helen put on Mary's neck. See, here is the *Pirate Scene on the Propontis*.

Blake.—It is enough. Lord have mercy. Come to my arms, my darlings.

Robert and Jennie clasp him. Group stand weeping. The Captain dies.

Boone.—Dear father, tender and brave, farewell. How much better his fate, my children, than those who leave no good record on the earth, and send none up to heaven.

The death of Captain Blake made a profound impression. Fate had twined the destiny of English Blake with American Boone. Perhaps the destinies of the two nations are joined as well. The British people felt a thrill of sympathy, showing the harp of nature plays one strain. As is well known, Victoria, Queen of England and Empress of India, has a castle in Windsor.

The forest, the lake, the river, the drives, the proximity to London, and all its opulent associations, make Windsor precious in Victoria's eyes. All that touches the heart, or concerns the welfare of Britain, concerns the noble Queen and royal family as well. In her carriage, down she came to the mansion, and as a sovereign, praised the faithful dead, and as a tender mother consoled those who wept. With her jeweled hand, that still bore the ring pledging eternal love 'twixt her and noble Albert, she touched the coffin. With the other she pointed to the body, saying, "My children,

'tis well for Princes to pay homage, where Death holds court. Remember, in the kingdom whither he is gone and we are going, only christian virtue changes to unending royalty and righteousness is bliss. Of all the noble deeds of life, most noble to live long and well, this Captain Blake has done."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE BURIAL OF CAPTAIN BLAKE.

THE bells of Windsor toll—The procession appears—The band plays dirges—Soldiers in English and American colors entwined—Archbishops with robes—Casket with pall and bearers—Robert, Jonathan Boone and Alice—Rainbow and Jennie—Relatives and Friends—High Nobility—Naval officers and Sailors—Servants and Tenants—Soldiers—Band of music.

Picture 1.—OPENING OF PARLIAMENT—IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

Some of the grandest earthly sights are dreadful. Such are the horrors of an earthquake, belching of volcanic fires, a ship in flames, the rush of a tornado or the fury of a siege. But there are also grand sights, beautiful and pleasant, such as the opening and closing of the Gates of Day, the spangled robe of Night, and the verdant garb of Spring.

Prominent among the scenes of joyful grandeur, are justly reckoned those in which a loving people take a new sovereign to their breast. The true glory

of such a spectacle lies not in the wealth of waving banners, the loud call of trumpets, thunder of cannon, nor the flashes of jewels on coronets and crowns ; but rather in the sense of security that pervades the nation. Few scenes surpass in dignity the opening of the British Parliament by Queen Victoria. Light stepping heralds precede Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, who appears escorting the princess Alexandra.

The assemblage rises to do them honor, while the Princess fair and gentle takes her seat, and the Prince, in the dress of a Field Marshal, over the robes of a duke, becomes seated on the right of the throne. Then the nearer approach of majesty is proclaimed by heralds, whose dresses are radiant with purple and gold, as the sunlight comes into the House of Lords.

The great officials of the British Court come next, then the Premier with robe of scarlet and noble duke bearing the crown. Amid a reverent silence comes Victoria.

With gentle dignity the punctual Queen advances to the throne, followed by her graceful daughters, the Princesses Louise and Beatrice, who arrange the ermine drapery about the person of her Majesty.

The attire of the Queen was dark velvet and light fur. She bore ample sleeves, and a widow's cap, on which shone the crown, while the Koh-i-noor diamond burned on the imperial breast, as with grace she wel-

comed the faithful Commons, who welcomed their faithful Queen. The Lord Chancellor takes on bended knee, the Queen's speech, which is read from the throne. Then bowing to Lords and Commons she leaves the throne. The eminent assembly rises up while the well-beloved royal matron disappears, and the inspiring pageant vanishes from the eye, but ever shall remain in memory as a *Bright Picture of Life*.

Picture 2.—IN WINDSOR CASTLE.

But the scene to which we now invite attention, although destitute of some of these grand features, will we trust make amends by cheerful variety. The time is soon after the burial of Blake, the place is Windsor Castle.

Near the centre of a spacious and elegant apartment, her Majesty, Queen Victoria is seated. In front is a marble table, and around are noblemen intent on the welfare of the British realm.

Her Majesty began the colloquy as follows:

“My lords and gentlemen: I desire your counsel in regard to the journey of my son Albert, Prince of Wales, to my possessions in India, and to express the approval by the crown of the great American Centennial to be held next year in the city of Philadelphia.”

A Nobleman.—The suggestions of your Majesty are timely and important, but ere their consideration,

I beg leave to say, that a certain young American, Rainbow I think, by name, has been invited to entertain us with his cute wit and rustic manners; doubtless at the door, he waits.

Victoria.—Let the waiting American be admitted.

Officer.—Please your Majesty, there is no American waiting at the door.

Lord Blank.—He was invited, but declined; and with mock thanks.

Victoria.—He is a relative of Blake, with story quite romantic. Report doth call him poet and philosopher. Albert, my son, send thou Sir Charles at once, with gentle art. To make his coming sure, write thou a message. Be careful how thy words are marshalled, for Americans can scarce endure what savors of command.

Prince Albert.—It shall be done.

Lord Blank.—I know this American quite well, and I can sketch his outline in advance. At first he will have airs, you'll see. Not being able to keep up the style, he will, in his weak closing words, proclaim himself a clown.

Picture 3.—IN THE MANSION OF LATE CAPTAIN
BLAKE.

Present, Jonathan Boone, Robert and Alice, Rainbow and Jennie. (*Enter Sir Charles.*)

Sir Charles.—Kind greeting from the court, to all this house. My mission most concerns this son of Orange. (*Gives Rainbow the letter.*)

He reads,

“Rainbow of Orange will be welcomed in Windsor Castle. Dispensing with ceremony, he will be greeted as a friend, as well as a representative of a brave and generous people.

For Victoria, and the Royal Court,

ALBERT.

Windsor, 1875.

Rainbow to Jennie.—What saith Rainbow’s Queen? Shall he one hour, hold court with Britain’s?

Jennie.—My husband, go. Thou art a poet, speak thou pleasant words. Also a philosopher thou art, let thy pleasant words be wise. Thou art a member of Columbia’s noble house. Go meet the Queen, the Court, the Prince, but meet them as a Prince.

Picture 4.—QUEEN VICTORIA’S COURT.

A Herald clad in gold.—Sir Charles and ward await the royal pleasure.

Victoria.—We will grant them speedy audience.

Chancellor.—Let not England be unhorsed in this tournament of wit. Bid them come in.

Queen.—Art thou a Rainbow?

Rainbow.—Thanks to my sire, I am.

Queen.—What sort of a Rainbow art thou?

Rainbow.—Such as thou seest, such am I.

Queen.—Well that is bright and clever. Speak out, and by thy boldness win our commendation.

Rainbow.—Pardon me. Had I not better step with caution, than cross the line 'twixt boldness and rashness, and thus offend your Majesty and the Court.

Queen.—Be free to speak. Have I not said, dispense with ceremony?

Rainbow.—'Tis true. Suppose the sun should say, dispense with gravitation, could the earth obey? Queens may command and Commons should obey. But Who made Queens and Commons marked the way.

Queen.—Be not so stately if you please. (*To the court.*)—Lead him some merry vein. He waits for that.

Chancellor.—What think you of England?

Rainbow.—Much every way, but chiefly this. Its future is ahead.

Chancellor.—What was the temper of your people when you left?

Rainbow.—Midway between a Sheffield razor and Damascus blade.

Chancellor.—We hear sad stories of your nation. Ministers, secretaries, bankers, to put it mildly, are much suspected.

Rainbow.—It is the will of God, that men be led

astray. Suns be eclipsed, angels to demons turned, but only demons at the fact rejoice. Extravagance, speculation, villainy, are the vile progeny of a fearful war, which by our people, shall be scorned with tears, as they their second century begin and close.

Chancellor.—Who think you, will be your next president ?

Rainbow.—One of two men, who both love peace.

Chancellor.—But the election may become a tie.

Rainbow.—Then Court Supreme will cut the Gordian knot.

Chancellor.—What is your American Constitution based on ?

Rainbow.—On Revelation.

Chancellor.—Pray tell me, on what sort ?

Rainbow.—The vision of the prophet Ezekiel, of a wheel inside of a wheel, and the revelation to Franklin and Jefferson of political truth. We have thirty-eight wheels, revolving inside the great wheel which we call Uncle Sam.

Chancellor.—Since Boston is the hub, you hear the earth squeak on its axis I suppose.

Rainbow.—No sir, we keep it quiet with petroleum oil.

Chancellor.—Yankees, they say, can live on cider and asking questions. Assert your title and ask us some.

Rainbow.—The liquid comfort is invisible, but

let that go. When will your debt be paid, when will the London fog clear off, and Ireland throw the shillelah down?

Chancellor.—Our debt will be paid on demand, when due; will yours? The London fog will clear, as the wind turns. And Ireland smoke the Pipe of Peace when South Carolina does. Ask me more questions.

Queen.—Nay, my good chancellor. Albert, thou wast to his home, and kindly kept. Now speak thou gently.

Albert, Prince of Wales.—My cousin, most welcome to England. How fare our friends across the water?

Rainbow.—As all the world over, some living wise and happy, some like fools.

Queen.—Mark well his words, my son; they vehicle the truth.

Albert, Prince of Wales.—Thou hast the name of poet; consider now, thou hast an eager audience.

Rainbow.—

Well, well, do I remember,
When riding up Broadway,
“The Prince of Wales is dying,”
I heard the people say.

Thank God, the Prince recovered,
They broke the fever’s spell,
Columbia and the world rejoice,
The genial Prince is well.

But still the truth is clear,
A-dying was the Prince.
Yes, all the living sons of men,
Are dying ever since.

When from her mighty throne
Thy mother doth step down,
And Albert on thine head,
Reposes Britain's crown—

Stay wisely mild, oh king,
Wise using all the things
Kind given by our Sire,
All potent King of kings.

Finished the game, the king, the pawn,
In one common box are thrown,
How dire, to enter the dread portal,
Penniless, graceless, yet immortal.

And what I say to thee, great Prince,
I say to all the world,
With manly majesty, rule well
The wondrous empire of thyself.

Albert.—The memory of thy counsel shall not die.
Patiently and lovingly I wait my time.

Queen.—Young Western bard, thou speakest
weighty words.

Rainbow.—Victorious Victoria. Britain and self
thy realm. Mother of kings and queens, all people
are thy children. All history softer for thy reign.
I know peace makes lean record, better far men's ribs
than pension rolls be fat. Sheltered by sea, and com-
forted by sun, when sounds great Gabriel's trump

Great Britain's work be done. Thy husband's body sleeps beneath the sod, his spirit hovers near to thee, and God.

Queen.—Thou hast my thanks. (*To Sir Charles*) Bear him away. But he hath set a Rainbow in my sky, that never more shall fade. (*To Rainbow.*) And yet a moment hold; bear thou this pearly necklace set in gold to her who bears thy name and shares thy fate.

Rainbow.—Thy gift is precious as the breath from off the rosy cheek of June.

Queen.—I do not counsel it, yet if thou wish, wine shall be given thee.

Rainbow.—Great Queen, health's foaming tankard and thy royal smiles enough intoxicate, without the treacherous cup. Ere I depart, one moment for my land I crave.

Queen.—Thou hast it freely given.

Rainbow.—Next year their Centennial Exhibition my people hold in Philadelphia. View with your ever welcome nation this fairest bloom of civilization.

Chancellor.—If heaven spare Britain, Britain will be there.

Rainbow.—Aye, spared she'll be, I know, for this and more centennials yet to come. What's much, our well-wooded fields shall feed us all. What's more, America and Britain and fair France, firm Prussia,

strong Russia, free Italy, sure Germany, neighborly Brazil and Austria, shall bear aloft the torch of wise liberty, so that humanity may read its rights. And now and ever, mighty God, bless all whom liberty loves, and all who love liberty. Kind Queen, dutiful Prince, and gracious Court, farewell.

(Rainbow retires with Sir Charles.)

CHAPTER XXVII.

DEATH AND BURIAL OF THE GENEROUS MERCHANT.

AH, what a magician is time. The raising up of a full-grown brother and sister, and the discovery of grandfather and great-grandfather surpassed the wonders of India.

Leaving Jonathan Boone to settle the estate, the four friends recrossed the ocean and were welcomed at home.

On New Year's eve, 1876, all American cities and villages were full of loud-sounding, bright-flashing patriotism, hailing the Second Century of Independence. Cannon thundered on the public squares, while banners and music enlivened the streets. Dwellings were illuminated. The boys danced around their bonfires, girls looked on and smiled, ladies clapped their hands and thanked God for Washington and Liberty.

Soon joyous spring bloomed again in the garden of time. But alas, alas the frosts of age had chilled the blood of the merchant, yet he rallied, for he had cherished his health. But the summons of the Conqueror cannot be evaded. Electric fire flashed over

all the world the death of the millionaire. In all dwellings, warmed by furnaces or fagots, the same degree of coldness is marked on the thermometer of death. Yonder upon the household stem a sweet bud bloomed, then fell; but in this marble palace has fallen the stem itself.

Silent and helpless reposed all that was left of him at whose word, with God's consent, ships anchored or sailed, mills turned or stood and thousands rejoiced or feared.

Like all men he was born, like most he married, and died. But he deserves more on his tomb than "*Hic jacet.*" To his bazaars people came to trade; now to his house they come to bury. Editors, ministers, doctors, lawyers, merchants, operatives attend the obsequies of him who was famed for honor, enterprise and success. The widow broke a costly box of floral alabaster. The preacher spoke of his quiet faith that would survive his life, and the charity that would extend far beyond his death.

The next morning the factory wheels revolved again, the spindles began to hum, silks and all goods were revealed, and toil continued as before. Romulus founded Rome, Cecrops Athens, and their dust sleep near them. One founded Garden City whose dust and that which was precious to him will rest in the lap of a memorial church.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

OPENING OF THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

ACCORDING to announcement long made, the Exhibition at Philadelphia was formally opened on Wednesday, May 10, 1876, in the presence of a vast and patient audience.

The ceremonies were magnificent and successful. At nine A. M. the gates were opened and one hundred thousand persons entered the enclosure during the first hour, and two hundred and fifty thousand during the first day, thus surpassing all previous openings of a fair.

Upon a vast stage in front of Memorial Hall were a host of dignitaries and guests, while led by Thomas the vast orchestra of one hundred and fifty instruments and eight hundred voices rendered twenty national airs and "Wagner's Centennial March."

Then the venerable Bishop Simpson offered, like King Solomon,

A PRAYER OF DEDICATION.

Oh Thou God of our fathers, we come on this glad day into these courts with thanksgiving, and these gates with prayer.

We thank Thee for this land veiled from the ancient world, but revealed to Thy chosen people whom Thou didst lead through the billows of the deep. We thank Thee for the fathers, men of mind and of might, who laid on truth and justice the structure of freedom. We praise Thee for the closing century, for the immortal Washington and his grand associates, for the heroism which under Thy blessing led them to success. We thank Thee for social and national prosperity, for valuable discoveries and inventions, for schools free as the morning light, for books and periodicals, for art and science, for freedom to worship Thee. Bless all the people and this celebration. May it draw the nations together.

Preserve our national guests. Bless the women of America and may their intelligence and purity increase the glory of Christian elevation. May our Republic be strengthened in every element of true greatness and acknowledge supreme allegiance only to the King of kings. And unto Thee our Father, through Him who is the light of men, will we ascribe the glory, now and evermore.—Amen.

Instantly afterward there rose a grand burst of melody, from organ, orchestra and voices singing Paine's music to "Whittier's Centennial Hymn." Then General Hawley, President of the Commission, and John Welch, Chairman of the Board of Finance, presented the Exhibition to President Grant, who accepted in the name of the American people, and Buck's noble Cantata was given with Lanier's unique Poem. Hereupon the stars and stripes were floated from the tower on the Main Building and the instruments and voices rolled forth the sublime strains of the Hallelujah Chorus. One hundred iron bulls of

Bashan bellowed from George's Hill—bells were rung—the people cheered, Columbia smiled and the Centennial Exhibition was opened.

The President of the United States, and Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, put their hands on the lever of the vast Corliss engine. The monster caught his breath and moved, and many acres of machinery moved also. The crowd dispersed to the various buildings.

As for the city of Philadelphia, it may be said that in the evening, its many homes were crowded with guests from all lands, its tables bent with the weight of good cheer, its windows blazed with millions of lights, and its great heart right royally was proud.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE CENTENNIAL FOURTH OF JULY, 1876.

THE patriotism of the American people was wondrously aroused by the ceremonies of the fourth, and by the display of the previous evening. Through all the cities of the Union, midnight was ablaze. Stars were dimmed by costly and complex pyrotechnics. The illuminations were not confined to the public buildings, nor the costly edifices of trade, nor the mansions of the rich, but the poor patriot put a candle in his window and cheered.

No American town was in darkness. The city of New York, on that memorial night, surpassed in brilliancy any illumination ever attempted by man. Philadelphia has the honor of the Exposition, but the metropolis surpassed all the Centennial glories, save that, in the volcanic invasion of the air by battalions of rockets and the gorgeous glowing of multitudinous Chinese lanterns, and the miles of processions congregating in acres of humanity, on Union Square.

Broadway was a Nile of glory, pouring its tides of splendor from the Hudson to the Sound. A hun-

dred thousand people cheered, the orderly step of fifty thousand in line, while the elaborate adornings surpassed the dazzling festivals of London, Rome, or Paris. The regiments of soldiers and hosts of police were quiet features of the scene, for without a touch of a bayonet, or even a harsh word, the people were loyally merry.

The Fourth of July is a great day in every year, but this Centennial was regarded with unusual vehemence. After a night spent in jubilant fury, the dawn was met by firing of cannon and the ringing of bells, bells, bells in all the American towns. Grand processions moved, headed by marshals and bands of music, followed by cavalry and infantry, orator, poet and historian, civic societies with appropriate banners, uniformed fire brigades, veterans of the wars, with flags, citizens and music.

CHAPTER XXX.

RAINBOW CLUB TO CENTENNIAL IN COACH AND FOUR.

AS we have said, the national enthusiasm was aroused by the ceremonies of the fourth. It was as though a torch had touched a bundle of tinder. From all parts of the land rose the cry, "On to the Centennial." The Rainbow Club joined cry and chase, for in full session said Mr. Galloway,

"Gentlemen:—Washington, Jefferson and Lafayette never traveled on railroads, patriots should go as patriots went, the Rainbow Club should go to Centennial in a coach and four."

The major added: "Correct, it is my opinion plump."

Suffice it to say, four spirited but well trained horses were procured. The forward two were bay, the hind ones were white; and as the body of the coach was painted blue, with flags and emblems liberally delineated on the running gear, fore and aft, the red, white, and blue was fully carried out. Early on a September day, 1876, over the town of Montgomery, there was revealed the miracle of morn. Solomon

Rainbow and Jemima, and Major Plump, Mr. and Mrs. Galloway entered the coach. Elias drove, with Pompey Cæsar at his side. Crack went the whip, round went the wheels, on went the Rainbow Club to the Centennial in a coach and four.

The neighbors saluted them with many cheers. As they swept past Gypsy Dell, they received rousing plaudits, and one said if he had a tar barrel, he'd burn it. The flying steeds soon reached Middletown, and halted at Saccharine's Tavern. After dinner, (the horses having been fed and watered,) the coach with the club rolled down the road to Unionville, accompanied by clouds of dust, barked at by innumerable dogs, gazed at by stout Minisink farmers from their fields and by beautiful Minisink matrons and maidens with their bright eyes, red cheeks, and pearly foreheads, from doorways and gardens.

Soon the spires of the Unionville churches come in view, and the smoking horses and quivering coach come thundering in front of the Metropolitan of the town. Out rushed the landlord with faultless linen on, and up sprang Major Plump, saying: "Here we are three patriots, two ladies, one Jehu, and one Ethiopian. And how are you off for the necessaries of life?"

Landlord. — By the great Cæsar, we have plenty.

Next day they dined well at Deckertown, and then pushed on to Newton, one of the finest towns of northern New Jersey. The birds bore the news, for when coach and four, with the Centennial banners flying, neared the place, a merry crowd was at its wheels, children from the schools, mechanics from the shops, merchants with gold spectacles, and a motley group of yelping Jersey dogs rushed out, for the cry was "The Rainbow Club is coming." Some persons thinking the coach an advertising dodge, inquired: "Where do you show? and what's the price of tickets?"

Aunt Jemima darted fiery glances through her perifocals, while the chairman maintained his philosophic dignity. Men and boys followed into the livery and examined every hub and spoke, and gazed in wonder at the heroic devices adorning the body of the coach. At length came Philadelphia, and Fairmount Park, crowned with two hundred Centennial Buildings, some lofty and long, with cornices, arcades, and towers, blazing with flags in the noon-day sun.

The other friends praised the Railroad corporations for good conveyance, low fares, and courteous treatment. Such gentle touches make life glad. No grander scene ever blessed human vision, than from Penn. Railroad Depot. Every species of architectural magnificence was in view. Grand in size,

comely in proportion and finish, the Centennial Buildings, showing mosques, turrets, banners, signalled the progress of the world. The American people had aroused themselves for the task, and all difficulties went down beneath the shock of their courage.

CHAPTER XXX.

SCENE IN MAIN HALL—CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION

Dr. Paul.—

Oh God Almighty and most just,
Yet merciful, in Thee we trust,
While these grand scenes unroll.
We thank Thee for the power of sight,
By which this flood of joy so bright,
Pours in upon the soul.

Jennie.—

Thou rich bouquet of fairest blossoms,
From all earth's gardens freshly drawn,
Thou comest welcome as the dawn,
Columbia's Century Plant to grace,
In Philadelphia's Fairmount vase.

Alice.—

The skill and wisdom of the age combine,
To form this diamond on the land of time.

Robert.—

'Tis rather an Olympian Game we see—
I ask the judges. "Which runs best?"
They answer, "All the world's abreast."

Solomon Rainbow.—Pray let an old man speak.

The family of nations come with gifts
To deck their sister's house, upon her natal day.
My heart with streams of joy doth run—
By prudent marriage—my dear brother's son

Hath from the sleep of Folly been awoke ;
And binds his neck to duty's yoke.
Nephew—the occasion calls for record,
Speak kindly to the gathered world.

Milton Rainbow.—

Fair Europe, Asia brown and Africa ;
And all ye islands of the deep,
We welcome you and all ye bring.
Now first comes mighty Britain as is meet,
Bearing rich paintings from her Windsor walls,
With napkin woven by the royal hand :
And etchings 'broidered by a princess' band,
And many wonders from a wondrous land.
Ah, London—Capital of time
So wise and populous—sublime !
Steaming Liverpool—Manchester whirling
Birmingham—Sheffield, Kidderminster,
Edinburgh, Glasgow, Paisley, Bristol,
Dublin, Cork and Limerick,
All ye great towns have sent great gifts,
Which are accepted, with great thanks.
To draw the eye, one picture never fails—
Frith's Marriage of the Prince of Wales.
Henceforth may war's tide never run
'Cross Wellington's fair land and Washington.

Now doth the beautiful great France
In comely majesty advance.
Thou bringest wine this feast to crown.
Still memory's lips and eyes are wet
With fragrant thoughts and dewy tears
For mutual hero Lafayette.
Illustrious Paris, gay and grand
With nimble foot and open hand,
Silken Lyons and Bordeaux,
Havre, Marseilles and Monaco,
On the great sea, o'er which ye sailed

With gales above, and rocks below,
Ye kept stout heart, and sunny face
'Mid plenitude of woe,
Now stepping from her crystal throne
Fate offers thee a starry crown.

Vast Germany, thy sky doth blaze
With happy homes and princes brave ;
Ye cherish thoughts of other days
To nourish deeds all strong to save.
While strong in muscles—kind in looks,
Heaven bless the Germans at their books.
The students may possess the air,
The people bring the gifts of care—
Germania vase and quaint old German ware,
Clocks of Black Forest and sweet odors rare.

How swift hath Prussia to the foremost front
With banners flying most tremendous come—
Thy mighty guns, a clouded glory gain,
But pure the garlands of thy porcelain.

Hail Austria—well done !
Thou hast a sparkle of old Hapsburg pride
Born where the Danube pours his tide.
We take thy gifts with many thanks
Wheel grand Vienna in the ranks ;
Hail Kossuth—gallant Hun !

Vast nation of the Czar and great of heart
Where deeds are done ; thou dost thy part.
Like a huge army thou dost hold the North,
Electric robes of fur thou sendest forth
To symbolize the heats that rest
For kind America, in Russia's breast.

Welcome fair Italy—within whose Hall
Art keeps a constant carnival.
And fairy Naples—antique Rome,
Where all the world delight to roam—

Thy heart good Father is aglow
With love thy rich Mosaics show.
We hail thy kindness, Modern Greece,
And wish thee bravery and peace.
Despite divines, with righteous wisdom crammed—
Holland is saved by being dammed.
Thy sturdy shoulders keep away the sea,
Thy sturdy virtues keep all shame from thee.

Free land of Tell—thou standest well
Upon thine Alpine base.
Thy sons scarce hold the watch of gold
That times the human race.

Thanks, honest Denmark, brave and true—
And Babel-speaking Belgium too.

Norway and Sweden, on thy land
Is peace—though whirlpools sweep the strand.
Home of Columbus—grand old Spain—
After thine ebb, thy flood may come again.
And pleasant Portugal accept our praise
For kind remembrance of other days.

Asia now charms our eyes—
Asia so vast and indolent,
Asia so old and opulent,
And full of mysteries.

Dark tinted Africa, we cannot say,
Thou art as thou hast been alway—
For Orange Free State struggles into day.
Egypt antiquitous—thou Palace of the Nile ;
Tomb of the Pharaohs—stay a while.
Rich gifts, requesting we be friends
“ The oldest people to the youngest sends.”

Welcome Lord Dufferin and Canadian show—
Welcome Brazil—welcome Pedro.
At home ye diverse speak—taught from above,
Speak here one dialect of love.

Down in the mighty *Valley of the Past*
Rise complex scenes of splendor and of woe—
Columbus staggering o'er a doubtful sea
Then landing on a bright but threatening shore,
Then Jamestown's slender huts and smokes arise,
Then Plymouth holds the May Flower to its breast.
The scene unfolds of tears and plans—
Of Indian hate—towns burning in the night,
And yet the Colonies do wide expand.
The air grows heavy with the weight of War ;
Seven years of tempest : then a precious calm
Freighted with praise to God, and Liberty to man.
Now turn we from the former times away
To glowing Panorama of *To-day*.
In this consummate age of mighty men
All are so grand that few are heroes known—
No Cæsar in the field—nor in the schools
Demosthenes or Socrates doth blaze ;
No Chatham—no Webster—no Clay ;
For stars are dim, when all is day.
Nigh rended Union hath the stronger grown ;
What once was oak, is changed to stone.
Upon the channel of the *Coming Time*
I see all nations in a squadron move.
The channel narrows when the Stream of Time
Pours in the Sea of Immortality.
The ships go in—an Angel from the heights
The golden heights of Heaven, comes down and waves
The striped and starry banner over all—
Draws back the night—lets in the day
And from Millennial gates rolls the high rock away.
All hail ! bold Maine—thou Alpha of the States,
The North Star of the Union—
Stand thou New England of our land a type
A mountain stable, sunly-crowned and green,
With sweet and ample verdure ever blessed,
And solemn, awful grandeur ever crowned !
Historic Realm—the world doth reverence still
Thy Robe of Glory won at Bunker Hill ;

And shall to thee with homage turn,
Till Earth's last flame the records burn.
Ne'er slept in Harvest, Boston, old or young.
When for the steel-clad reapers old South rung,
"Twas on a corner of her street—a friend of Britain said :
Beware how you annoy the King—the sky seems red.
"Aye red with blood of tyrants, blushes of the shamed
I know,"

So spake the brave Bostonian, a hundred years ago.
"Take my advice," said Britain's friend, "go slow."
"Tell ye the whirling sun, go slow,
Tell ye the ocean pulses, beat ye slow.
Tell ye the winds woke by tornado call, go slow,
When sun and tides and winds obey thee,
Then will I go slow.
Till then, whate'er the issue be,
I'll take the double-quick for Liberty,"
So spake the brave Bostonian a hundred years ago.
Oh, Providence keep thou true to name,
And God will light thee to eternal fame,
While lovely Newport crowns the bay,
Starry as Night and sunny as the Day.
Learned New Haven, let flushed ignorance pale,
At the sure mandate of thy mighty Yale.
While queenly Hartford, beautiful as good,
Shares with the world her daily food.
Magnificent Metropolis, New York,
Thy regal homes, thy marble halls of trade,
Have Broadway inimitable made,
Thy Brooklyn arch curves lightly o'er the tide—
Art's miracle—the waters to divide.
Ye dizzy myriads, who in coming time
Shall walk this corridor sublime,
God help you faith's steep bridge to climb.
I see a group of hardy men,
Who cultivate the seas
From where the Southern waters boil,
To where the Northern freeze ;
Returning flush and merry now

From off their briny way,
With iron halters tie their steeds
To anchors in the bay.
Goddess of Jersey, thou Venus art,
So coy in manner, generous in heart ;
New York is Juno, Queen of Heaven ;
Empire and riches to her given :
Minerva in Massachusetts found
With love and woven chaplets crowned ;
Pure honored Pennsylvania,
Goddess of flame, is Vesta.
Diana, Queen of Woods, is fair Virginia ;
Ohio is rich Ceres, goddess of the Harvest ;
The fates hold Illinois, and the far West ;
Bacchus in California makes his home,
Cupid is o'er the Union free to roam.
Thou monumental Baltimore,
Fair as the daughters, none could ask for more.
Richmond and Charleston, high on Glory's roll,
Thy children's virtue may thy past console.
Hot-blooded Alabama, what didst thou appease,
When thy swift moving namesake scorched the seas ?
Alas and bravo echo o'er the glade.
Alas, the claims existed, bravo, they are paid.
Bravo, brave Britain, brave honest Britain,
Bravo, they are paid.
'Tis thus alone, that man or nation,
Walks the decks of life an Admiral.
All hail the coming era of the South,
When all her bursting springlets in one flood,
Bear loyal states to grandeur. For her good,
Her wise, her dutiful, her brave and fair,
Shall find their longed-for empire only there ;
Proud Empress of the Gulf, New Orleans vast,
Shall win time's plaudit at the last ;
And rich St. Louis on the Mississippi sea,
Crown western future with her majesty ;
And now Chicago, Phoenix-like shall rise,
Aud rush like morning on the wondering skies ;

Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Buffalo,
Shall make the zenith all aglow ;
But not their light alone, but flames of gold,
From all our towns in glory rolled.
Whose children will in manliness and peace,
Extol the greatness of this first Centennial
In their observance of the second,
Which other guests shall see.
So may the world roll on, not merely hung
Like culprit on the gibbet of the sky,
But bathed in God's own smile, smile back in Spring,
In Summer fruitful be, while Autumn stout,
Shall fagots bear to keep the Winter warm :
Till He who sent it on its mighty round,
Steps out to take it in his hand again,
And crowns good lives with everlasting bliss,
Messiah's banner standing by the throne.

Suddenly the speaker beheld one approaching,
and himself and Jennie, Robert and Alice, cried out,
“Welcome, welcome, grandsire Boone.”

CHAPTER XXXI.

OUR last chapter closed with the appearance of Jonathan Boone and the welcome that was given him. Afterwards the club and friends made an examination of the superb Disclosure.

So grand a boast of jewels well-deserved a royal setting of wedded glass and iron. They gaze perplexed at which to wonder most, the buildings, the exhibition or the people.

Indeed it was a wondrous crowd, buzzing like a swarm of bees, set by the hand of fortune in a Paradise of sweets, gathering from blooms of art and science grateful wisdom that shall forever fill the cells of intellect with the nectar of memory.

There was the African, the long-dweller in Asia, the flexile Frenchman, the ruddy German, the robust Englishman, the active Spaniard, the bright-eyed Italian, the massive Russian, the jolly Irishman, the shrewd Scotchman, the progressive Brazilian, the Indian, the American—all were wondering at the Centennial, covering two hundred and fifty acres.

They view Main Hall 1880 by 464 ft.	
Machinery Hall.....	1402 " 360
Agricultural Building.	820 " 125
Memorial Hall.....	365 " 210
Horticultural Building	383 " 193

They view Woman's Pavilion and its bewildering array of beauty and utility; the various State Buildings; the Turkish and Japanese Bazaars, Vienna Bakery, Circular Railroad and the million objects of interest.

The Club secured a suite of commodious parlors wherein were held pleasant reunions with valued guests.

Dr. Paul said "Let it not be told in coming time, that the hundredth anniversary of American Freedom was celebrated by a brilliant assembling of the world's skill, genius and wisdom—lasting two hundred days, yet when the hour struck for the dissolution of the glowing scene, all wonders of land and sea were taken away, and the sages returned to their books—the buildings were leveled, and the ground swept, for the grand exhibition was over and no record remained save in memory and the premium scrolls.

In answer to invitation there gathered at the *Salon de Club* the most brilliant minds of the age. Some were professors deep-read in classic lore, some were editors and publishers, who registered the pulses

of thought, some clergymen "who allured to brighter worlds," some deep scientists from across the sea, who announced fanciful theories which they failed to prove, some nominal Reformers who bewailed this Diamond Age.

Some morsels of the feast were preserved. One savant who obeyed the call was a gentleman possessed of a type of thought called "The Theory of Evolution." His method was deliberate and guarded. He said, "So far as I know, there are only three hypotheses which have been entertained respecting the past history of nature.

One is, that the present order has existed from all eternity.

This was a favorite fancy of antiquity, but in modern times has been discarded, because its verification would require an eternal succession of witnesses, which is not attainable.

The *second* theory, is that the present state of things has existed for a comparatively brief period—that it had a sudden origin in definite order during six days according to the Mosaic, or as I choose to call it, the Miltonic Theory. When God said "Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind," the earth obeyed at once, and the animals came up out of the ground.

“The tawny lion pawing to get free his hinder parts
At length rose up; and shook his brindled mane,
The tiger threw the soil in hillocks with a yell,
The deer pushed head and horns up through the ground,
And flocks came through, not only fleeced but bleating.”

There yet remains—*The third Hypothesis—The Theory of Evolution.*

That supposes that at any given period in the past, we should meet with a state of things more or less similar to the present; but less similar in proportion as we go back in time; that the physical frame of the earth could be traced back in this way to a condition in which its parts were separated into little more than a nebulous cloud, making part of the common substance into which we should find the sun and the other planetary bodies also resolved; and that if we trace back the animal world or vegetable world we should find preceding the present fauna and flora, animals and plants not identical with them, but like them, only increasing their differences as you go back in time; and becoming simpler until eventually we should arrive at that gelatinous mass which, so far as our present knowledge goes, is the common foundation of all life; and whether we could trace that further is uncertain; but at any rate, the force of science tends to justify the speculation that that could be traced to something common in itself; and the nebulous foundation of universal matter.

“The hypothesis of Evolution supposes that in all this past progression there would be no breach of continuity but would be like the wonderful series of changes in virtue of which there arises out of that semi-fluid homogeneous substance called an egg, the delicate organization of an animal. That is what is meant by Evolution.”

Dr. Paul then arose and said, “I wish to ask the learned gentleman the question ‘Has the principle of Evolution completed its work; or does the work still go on?’” The answer came, “I suppose it still goes on.”

Dr. Paul resumed, “Is there anything that you or I or our learned neighbors have seen that gives to this principle any probability? Could it act from century to century of modern times unnoticed? We have the evidence of History—describing horses—sheep—oxen—birds and men, ages ago, similar to those of the present day. It is the province of Nature to be mysterious; but rest assured the God of Nature will not allow himself to be exiled from the world he made. Let us lift our gaze from this obscurity to the glorious idea of the immortality of the soul. We all agree that matter exists. It is not reasonable to suppose that it constitutes its own creator; or that it exists without a creator; but it is consistent with Reason and Observation and Revelation

to believe that Nature originated by the command and exists by the will of an Almighty power called God."

Then followed candid conversation in regard to the origin of things. Reference was made to Aristotle, Plato and Kant and to the Brahminical and materialistic leaders of the day. At the close of long debate, these learned men, in council,—with all the light of science in the noon of 1876, acknowledged, almost unanimously, that the most comforting and rational mode of solving Creation, Life and Event was to admit the being of one Supreme Power,—the Lord Jehovah—and the teaching of one supreme book—the Bible. After prolonged and delightful session, the Club adjourned for the day.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ON the day following this conference, the members of the Club were gazing on the wonders of the Main Hall.

In an aisle a little apart, Solomon Rainbow and the lawyer were engaged in an earnest conversation. Soon the two came to where Milton Rainbow was standing; and taking him by the arm, led him up the winding stairs at the western end of the Hall; and having reached the highest gallery in the Tower, the three stood surveying the wondrous scene below.

There was the romantic Pagoda of the East—the huge iron enclosures of Sweden—the gilded colonnade of Brazil—the wonders of England, France, Germany, Russia, Austria, America and all the world. They also perceived the ceaseless hum of human voices and constant tread of human feet.

The uncle turned and said, “Nephew, what thinkest thou?”

He answered, “I have the thought of Xerxes who over twenty centuries ago, viewed his army of millions. So do I feel sad as looking down upon this

throng, I reflect that in less than a hundred years, this multitude will be dead.

The uncle said to the lawyer, "Brother, now is the golden moment, thrust in the sickle for the harvest."

The lawyer produced a paper and said to Milton, "My friend, your father left this message, to be given in some happy moment."

Milton opened and read as follows :

"My son, when you read these lines, I will be in the Land of Spirits. In the past thou hast fed on the viands of fancy, turn ye, turn ye to the food of the blest.

Thou and thy fellows will soon be as I am. Lose no time, my son ; warn the people to prepare to meet their God in judgment. And as thou warnest others, first of all be warned thyself. From thy loving, but departed parent,

JOHN RAINBOW.

Had a thunderbolt exploded at his feet, he could not have been more startled. He said, "Did my father wish me to become a lay preacher? What would the world say? Would it heed my warning, who was late so gay?"

The uncle said : "Were not the apostles changed from fishermen, tent makers, and persecutors, into preachers of truth? Was not Bunyan heedless in Bedford?"

Quickly a rift in the clouds was made, and a beam of sunlight fell.

The lawyer cried, "Brother, it is a sign from the skies."

Milton answered: "This is not the first sign. I will contend with heaven no longer. I could surprise you with the wonders I have known. Some day I will tell you. Henceforth I toil for human good, as God may guide me. My brother, I begin with you, "Prepare to meet thy God in judgment."

The lawyer was amazed at this appeal, but warded off for a time the blow that was in kindness aimed at his heart.

Out from the baptism of that sunsmile and message came Milton Rainbow serious and devoted; and by the grace of God and his own will, softly took his place among the immortals.

While this incident was occurring, there was moving here and there, supported by loving arms, the stately form of Jonathan Boone, who having delayed settling the estate of his father-in-law, Captain Blake, had now come to visit the Centennial and act a noble part. Our friends had secured excellent accommodations in the family of a wealthy Quaker. Among the other boarders were two ladies, whose manners were so quiet, that they might have escaped observation, had not their dignity and gracefulness charmed all beholders. The elder lady was about sixty. Time had gently touched her with his wand. She was of

medium height, and somewhat inclined to be stout of figure. Her hair, which was still abundant, was arranged in curls. Her eyes were dark and keen. Her complexion was lovingly warmed by the fresh glow of excellent health. Her manner was courteous with a certain reserve peculiar to the better classes of the south. Her dress was of dark silk, trimmed with lace. She wore a light cap with profuse ribbons for one of her years, but in which she certainly looked charming. She was introduced simply as Miss Sinclair.

Her companion was younger, (say by twenty years,) and contrasted with the elder. Her modest attire exquisitely set out her handsome figure. Her voice was soft, while her intense language showed lack of early culture. Her manner was restrained, while evincing great regard for her more advanced companion. She was known as Mrs. Bouvier.

From the first introduction of Jonathan Boone to these two ladies, he seemed drawn to them by an irresistible impulse. Boone was sixty-five, but he had a sound mind and body, and warm heart. He was wealthy, but lonely and yearned for a companion. When he gazed on the younger lady, he was in a labyrinth of fancies that faded and came again. But when Boone glanced upon the elder lady, he was smitten at first sight with the charmed arrows from Cupid's quiver.

We have said that Boone was moving through the Centennial supported by the arms of Jennie and Alice; but he has now broken away from them, and is at present doing the agreeable to the elder lady in curls.

Ere long Miss Sinclair said: "Mr. Boone, what draws you to the English Department? Boone replied: "My dear lady, I have lived there for forty years. My birth-place however, is in Kentucky."

The lady returned: "Indeed! Kentucky is also my native State." In her agitation she dropped her handkerchief, and as Boone gallantly returned it, he saw with a thrill, the name of Catherine Sinclair.

With trembling he inquired as to the county and town. When the response was given, he added: "In the brick house by the cedar spring?" Smiling and blushing, the lady with curls answered: "The same." Said Boone, "Do you remember who got you the red apples from the high trees, and the strawberries from the meadow, because you helped in spelling?"

"Yes, well do I," said Miss Sinclair.

Boone could no longer restrain the vehemence of his passion; but taking the lady's hand in his, exclaimed, "God bless you, darling of my youth. You are little Katy and I am Johnnie Boony?"

The reader may well believe that the couple at once became seated in front of the great organ, and told life's story o'er and o'er.

Miss Sinclair's life had been partly spent in the care of soldiers in an army hospital and in the joyous charge of her aged parents now at rest.

Boone inquired as to the younger lady by whom she was accompanied, and was informed, "She is the widow of a Union soldier—a captain who was killed in battle. I made her acquaintance while we were nurses in the hospital. When about to depart, Mrs. Bouvier fell at my feet and said, "Oh Madam, entreat me not to leave you, for I have no friend beside!"

Pleased with her manners and judgment, I took her to my home, where she has been my constant companion. She is contented, but at times a sudden melancholy causes her to weep, when with a kiss, a smile and a snatch of song she becomes herself again, but the particulars of her early life I dare not reveal.

Boone then whispered, "Dear Katy, I have lands and gold, let me be a husband to you, and a friend to the soldier's widow." Flushed with the memory of her girlhood's love, she blushed and whispered in return, "just as you please, dear Johnnie." As Boone related in the evening the events of the day, many were the kisses given to grandsire and to Katy, the sweetheart of his childhood and his age.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

KENTUCKY smiled. The late autumn sun threw the rich mantle of yellow light over the brown meadows. The grand Centennial was closed. The Presidential election had been held; and for the first time resulted in what was practically a tie but decided by commission in favor of Hayes as against Tilden. From the summit of a hill, a grey-haired man surveys the valley of his youth. He sees the tiny meadow-brook of his boyhood. He sees the changed abodes of his neighbors, and looks toward the village, now grown to a city. The oak tree is gone. The white school house is replaced by a college and the forest is in streets. The grey-haired man and his companions go down the hill toward the dwelling, where once was the green lattice.

In this Kentucky mansion lights spring up, as the sun goes down. A most agreeable company of neighbors and friends soon gather. The Rainbow Club is represented.

Milton Rainbow and Jennie, Robert and Alice are present at the *wedding of Jonathan Boone and Catherine Sinclair.*

After the ceremony and the supper (which was opened in profusion and distributed with generous hospitality) the groom said to the bride, "Katy, you promised to give me the history of your friend Mrs. Bouvier, as soon as we were married." The bride answered "The woman can tell the story best herself." After some modest reluctance, she took a seat and gave

THE WIDOW'S STORY.

On the 15th of April, 1861, the very day that President Lincoln made his first call for troops, my husband volunteered, leaving me at a farm house in Pennsylvania.

He soon reached Washington and with his regiment went to an encampment near by, and was swallowed up in the Army of the Potomac. Under the command of McDowell he took part in the first battle of Bull Run on the 21st of July.

The battle lasted ten hours; and the insurgents being greatly reinforced, the Union troops retreated to Washington, and Congress in extra session voted to raise 500,000 men for three years or the war. I soon got regular letters from my husband.

The life of a soldier is at best a hard one, but having seen much exposure in his day, he was enabled to endure the night watchings and marches with comparative ease. He soon attracted the attention of

his officers and by rapid promotions gained by courage on the battle field, he became captain of a company.

His letters gradually became more sad and frequent.

In them he told how lonely he felt without me. He could endure the storm, the march, the battle ; but not separation from me.

He wrote that if I chose to join him, I could be of service as nurse in the camp, and that his position would secure to me kindness and protection,—but he added, “My dear Mary, don’t come if you would rather stay. But as our lives were begun in mystery, and have thus far run along in mutual love, I would have you with me at the close ; for in war, all things are uncertain.”

The sad tone of my husband’s letter convinced me that I ought to join him, if so be that my presence might be a comfort to him ; and my care as nurse be of service to others in hospital or camp.

I had heard some one say that Love is woman’s Kingdom, and Sorrow is its Court. So I bade farewell to the kind friends with whom I was staying, and hastened downward to the seat of war.

Much of the country through which I passed, seemed desolated by fire and sword.

The houses were often deserted. The fences had been used for fuel—the orchards were ruined, for the trees that were still standing, were gnawed and

broken by the horses that had been tied to them. The dooryards and gardens had been trampled by men and beasts.

I saw many elegant mansions, containing rich furniture and costly paintings that had been deserted by their owners and were now occupied by aged negroes and sick soldiers—the walls being blackened, the mirrors broken, and horses stabled in the parlor.

My heart almost failed me as I approached some miserable cabin and found there human beings—cold, sick and starving.

Usually I would get a pass from one commander to another, and secure conveyance in sutler's wagons without expense. My plainly told story was commonly believed; and I met but little trouble in reaching my husband's regiment.

Never shall I forget my first view of an encamped army. Long lines of white tents, like the streets of a city, were spread out over the valley. Soldiers were on guard at every corner. Reports from scouts and pickets were constantly being brought into headquarters. Squadrons of cavalry were manœuvring at the wings of the encampment, and artillery was thundering in the distance. I was rapidly led forward, first to the regiment, and then to the company of which my husband was captain.

I found him asleep in his tent. The surgeon and

first lieutenant were at his side, conversing in low and troubled voices. My husband was upon his back, pale and haggard. In my excitement I fell exhausted, but soon rallied and was about to throw myself upon the bed in haste and weariness, when the officer stopped me and inquired my name and mission.

I told him I was the captain's wife; come at his request. "But," said I quickly, "tell me, is he sick or wounded?"

I heard in agony the terrible reply, "Madam—he is both."

With a mighty effort I staggered to the bed, and swept back the locks that fell over his face. I put my trembling hand on his brow, and as I felt the cold dampness upon it, I fell unconscious across the body of my husband. When I awoke, it was night.

On a little pine table, nearly covered with boxes and bottles, a light was burning. A soldier sat watching at the foot of the bed, in his round cap and blue caped coat. My husband was also awake, and put his hand in mine. He gave it a gentle pressure, and without turning his head, whispered, "Mary, is it really you?"

"Yes, dear Ivan, I have come."

"Oh," said he, "how glad I am to have you with me. I am slightly wounded and very sick, but now that you are come, I will get well."

Hardly had he spoken the words, when he threw my hand from him and called aloud, "Comrades—up once more, and the day is ours—steady, boys, steady—Forward—March!" Having thus spoken he gasped for breath, and turning toward him, I saw the fires of fever and delirium were ablaze in his face and eyes. His forehead was hot and throbbing.

I sprang from the bed, dampened a cloth, and laid it upon his temples. The soldier gave me directions as to the medicine, and I allowed him to sleep. For weeks I nursed my husband through a sluggish fever, and was at length rewarded by his recovery.

His wound, received in a skirmish, was but trifling, and my husband, (who was a general favorite,) with shouts of welcome, stood at the head his men. I grew familiar with the daily duties of a soldier. About six in the morning, the waking drums were beat. Soon company roll was called, and at seven there was breakfast. Then after cleaning guns, the new guards were mounted, troops drilled. After dinner, regimental and brigade inspection, when often the ranks would be broken, and war's yoke thrown off for the day. And also, perhaps, hardly had they entered their tents, before some picket report would march them all night in storm and danger.

One day my husband and myself were in the tent, talking over our past lives and wishing for peace.

But a soldier is in constant danger. While we were talking, the sound of distant musketry was heard, and soon a bomb-shell came over us shrieking like a fiend in agony. The trumpets hastily sounded, the soldiers fell in line, the bands began to play, and our troops marched off with banners flying, to meet the enemy.

My husband was at the head of his company. I was weeping at the tent door, he tossed me a kiss as he passed. And alive, I never saw him more. In the evening, beneath the soft moonlight, the troops returned victorious, but the lieutenant led our company, and not the captain. There followed slowly wagons bearing the wounded and the dead."

But the poor woman could go no farther, and covering her face with her hands, sobbed violently. The wedding party were gathered closely about the speaker, and not a word of the sad recital had been lost. In fact, moved by sympathy, many were in tears. The bride took her seat by the widow, and said as she folded her to her bosom, "My friend, weep not, for God is just though man is oft unkind." Jennie and Alice added their words of consolation, and Jonathan Boone gently patted her on the head, saying, "Poor woman, don't weep, for as good a wife as you have been, will never be destitute of friends."

At the urgent request of all present, the widow

continued: "Of the horrors of that scene, when they brought my husband's body, and laid it in the dead-house, I can say nothing, although it is impressed on my memory with the power of living light. The officers and men were very kind to me in my sorrow. The chaplain, a good and faithful man, took me in his care. I was made one of a company of nurses, who followed the camp, feeding and caring for the unfortunate who came in our way.

Oh, the horror of those months! The heat was dreadful, the very air seemed on fire. The poisoned atmosphere of the confined rooms fed the burning fever, running into delirium, and ending in death. Our surgeons worked like heroes, but they were often overwhelmed with cases requiring immediate attention. Our ears were constantly filled with the sound of men gasping for breath, or shrieking from the tortures of amputation.

Oh, the horrors of war! But in this scene of misery and desolation, I met an angel in a woman's form. She was the matron of a band of southern nurses, connected with the army of General Lee, but who also cared for Union soldiers in the Confederate lines. Wise, active, and gentle, she flitted like a sparrow from couch to couch, bearing the cup of mercy to the wounded body, and the Word of Life to the failing spirit. Like Florence Nightingale of

Crimean fame, she was of excellent family, and unmarried. But when humanity calls, woman keeps nothing back. She cared for sick and wounded, whether Confederate or Union. When the cruel war was over, this good woman took me with her to Kentucky, and has given me a home at her side. This is the womanly angel, her name but an hour ago, was Miss Catherine Sinclair." So saying, the widow threw herself at the feet of the bride.

The groom lifted her up and consoled her with this assurance, "Fear not, for no one shall rob you of Catherine's love. You shall have a home with us. God be praised for the honor of entertaining two such noble women in one house!"

When the excitement had somewhat subsided, Boone said to the captain's widow, "Please tell us your early history, omit nothing, for I feel impressed that this mystery is not yet all solved."

The widow resumed, "Previous to the breaking out of the war, my husband and I were living in the North."

Boone anxiously said, "Yes, yes, but before you were married, where did you live?"

The widow blushed, and added, "we were living as gypsies."

Here Rainbow and Jennie, Robert, Alice and Boone gave an exclamation of surprise. While the

speaker continued, "but we were not gypsy-born. We had been stolen from our parents while children. We learned these facts from conversations in the gypsy camp, when they thought we were asleep. My husband when a boy was stolen while asleep in a village tavern. As for myself, I was stolen from a park in Windsor, England. My name is Mary, for it was printed on the locket fastened to my neck when carried away." Neither Robert, Alice, Jennie, nor Boone could speak. Milton alone could say, "Have you yet the locket?" "Yes," the widow replied. And as she spoke, she took from her neck a golden chain fastened to a locket protected by an enclosure of silk. When the locket was opened, it revealed the portraits of Jonathan Boone and Helen Blake. Beneath were engraved these words, "Presented to their daughter Mary."

At once flew Jennie and Robert to the widow, and clasping their arms about her, found relief in tears of joy, and pathetic utterances, such as "Oh, God be praised, you are our darling long-lost mother!"

Jonathan Boone staggered toward them, and putting his trembling hands on the head of his child, reverently said, "Now again do I see confirmed the Scripture words of good father Blake. *"I have been young and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."*

The shock of recognition was too much for the poor widow. When children and father stretched out their arms, it was a lifeless figure they supported. To a couch they bore her with tender promptness, where she lay in a swoon. Nor would she ever have come out of it, had it not been for the skill of the bride and of Alice, who from long practice, had become wise in the reviving art. Ere long she opened her eyes as on a new creation. In a moment, she had moved from the realm of orphanage, into a land of promise, wherein dwelt father and children.

Her astonishment at meeting Jennie was the greatest. "Why," said she, "I came to the house of Farmer Gray, and the children and servants told me you were dead. And these long years I have mourned you as lost. I would have made more continued inquiries, were it not for the fact that our gypsy band vowed vengeance on Farmer Grey, threatening to poison his family and burn his buildings, if I did not stop worrying and seeking for the child that they said I had disowned.

"And as for you, my son Robert, your father placed you in a charitable institution in the city of New York, and when we sought for you, you were absent, and no record could be found, although we sought you diligently with tears."

Robert replied, "Reflect not unkindly on yourself,

dear mother, or on my father, you both did what was best. My adopted father Mr. — wished for his son, some child whose record was unknown, and all account of me was concealed. Mr. — had no agency in the deception, and was also in the dark. He called for an unknown child, and being pleased with my appearance, accepted me.”

At this wedding were some of the most prominent citizens of the South, many of whom had taken part in the great war of the Rebellion.

One—an officer—whose cheek showed the mark of a sword cut, came forward and addressed the widow, “Brave and noble lady, fear not, you shall never want for friends, while the South has aid to give you. I was commander of a Confederate company—meeting that of your husband in the battle. The shock of their meeting was terrible. I went down beneath his stroke, he had his foot upon my neck, and his bayonet at my breast, when I gave him the Masonic signal and he turned away, saying, “Brother, thou art the enemy of my country and appearing as such on the field of war, thou hast forfeited thy life; but I give thee clearance for sweet mercy’s sake. God knows sweet mercy triumphed. Alas, your husband fell, but not at my hand nor those of my command. My family will welcome you and yours by night or day forever.”

On introduction Jonathan Boone recognized a relative in the last speaker, and said, "My friend, the ways of life are wonderful. War is one of its dreadful mysteries. I stand here to-night between the two sections of my native land—the north and the south. Kentucky is a central State and neither north, south, east or west; but has always beat like a warm loyal heart in the bosom of the nation. I rejoice in the return of good will. Shake hands, my beloved."

So leading up Robert and Milton as representatives of the north, Boone requested the people of the south there present to come forward and renew pledges of national and sectional peace, confidence and love—and it was done. Up came a man with an empty sleeve, and said, "I rejoice to be able still to offer a hand and a heart to my brothers of the north."

Then came a woman forward—bent and crippled by time, and clad in mourning. She had tears in her deep-set eyes and a cane in each hand, with which she hobbled along. Having reached the front, she said, "My two sons, who to-night should have been my support instead of these staves, were slain in that mysterious war. But I have sought of God, and he has given me grace to say, "I forgive all mine enemies, and may His will be done." At once Milton and Robert stepped to the side of the southern matron,

and taking each an arm, Robert declared, "Good mother we will be to you instead of your sons—let us steady you while you walk whither your brave boys have gone—thus will the north, forgetting all that is unkind, love and cherish the gallant south; only wishing to be loved and cherished in return."

While this grateful scene of amity was enacting, coolness, turning to dissent and eventually to opposition, was noticed in one portion of the apartment; and that too, from whence Boone least expected it.

It will be remembered, that in the beginning of our story, we told of the hatred of the elder Boones to their younger brother, and also recorded the promise of the father; that Jonathan should have a double portion among his brothers. This promise was incorporated in the faithful old father's will, in such a way, that the proceeds of his share should be constantly on interest, and remain a claim on all the land until Jonathan or his representative should return and demand it. The will had been proven and put on public record; and though the father and elder brothers were long dead, yet this claim had been constantly accumulating for the last forty years; and now amounted to a sum that would equal the value of all the real estate of the family. Jonathan Boone's nephews and nieces were living in houses and on lands that must be sold at his order, to pay his legal demands.

Long had they dreaded this day, which had now come upon them like an avenging angel, for the unjust hatred of their fathers to an innocent younger brother, who like Benjamin and Joseph of ancient Canaan, was not in fault that his father loved him.

Through motives of policy they had come to his wedding, but in fear and not in love; for they had been falsely told that Jonathan Boone was a cruel boy, who had become a haughty lord in England, and would some day come down with a legion of sheriffs, and drive them all to the four winds of heaven. So when Jonathan Boone begged the southern guests at his wedding, to forgive and forget, his eldest nephew confronted him as follows:

“Sir, it is easy to forgive and forget the wrong done to another, but the steel stings sharply that enters into our own flesh. You have been abroad for nearly half a century, while our families have tilled the fields, paid the taxes, and fought the battles; and now you come to speak soft words to-night, and to-morrow you may utter hard acts, by seeking to drive us and our wives and little ones, penniless, out upon the world. But rest assured, these fields that we have tilled, will only be lost with the rifles with which we defended them. Such ransom as we can pay, we will pay peaceably, but seek to drive us away and we will perish fighting on the fields where we were reared.”

Awe and apprehension rested on all the circle. Jonathan Boone rose up to his full height and majesty and calmly expressed, "Thank God, my father never taught me fear. I can still handle a rifle as good as the best, and have just and legal rights sufficient to put in motion for their defence all the State authority of Kentucky; but I have not yet spoken the word, and have counseled merely with my conscience. I have now a wife and daughter, to whose kind wisdom I will pay a proper deference. Catherine and Mary, I would see you aside."

To the private apartment went the three and canvassed all the case. Jonathan Boone spoke of the vast estate in England, of which he was sole proprietor, Catherine the bride made known her own independent property in lands and bonds. Mary, the daughter and widow, acknowledged, "I have always had but little, yet patience has made it sufficient. I ask no more, lest its weight break the charm of all my life. I have found my father and children, and with them alone I am content."

When they rejoined the public company, Jonathan Boone requested his relatives to stand before him.

With the hot Boone blood in all their faces, men, women, and children obeyed. To them he thus expressed himself: "My kindred, God has given me an

ample estate and a wife, and restored a daughter, whose love makes me richer than gold could do. As a thank-offering to God, and in the interests of peace and friendship, and of my own will, with the consent of my family, I hereby and now renounce all claim upon your land; reserving only the right for myself and my descendants to visit the home of my youth and the graves of my parents, and demanding of you to be charitable to the needy, and counseling you to be duly grateful to heaven."

The feeling produced by this unexpected announcement was intense and grateful. No Indian king ever received more ardent veneration. The women first found their tongues, saying, "Dear uncle, we thank thee. Thy conduct is more glorious than the sun, for that but shines by day, but this thy magnanimity, will be ever lustrous to the end of time."

Then came up the nephew, after conference and in tears and flushes, saying, "Noble uncle, we confess our hasty passion. Thy goodness has smothered all resentment and changed it to gratitude. We have lately cheered the homestead with new fences and buildings, but save in its freshened color the house is as you left it. This farm holds the sacred dust of our father and yours, we beg you to hold it as your own.

Boone inquired, "Have I a namesake among you?"

"Yes," replied a mother, "You have one. Your brother Jacob's memory smote him and we called our youngest child for you."

The lad was brought forward. Boone took his little nephew by the hand and said to his kindred, "Do for this my namesake, what you would do for me." And it was promised. Then came Milton Rainbow to the front and said, "I counsel you to turn all the rills of time into the channel of immortal wisdom. Let the valor of heroes be softened by divine grace, so shall our beloved people cherish the memory of the late Centennial and rallying around the common flag, forever defend the integrity of the Union and the just and equal rights of the States. Long as the clouds remain the gift of heaven and the rivers of the clouds, so long may the Mississippi bear congratulations from a free, united and loving people to the Gulf, and thence to all the world."

The wedding party then sang, "My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty." Afterwards to the strains of "Old Hundred," they sang the worthy words "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, praise Him, all creatures here below." The officiating clergyman offered prayer, and the Supreme sent down His heavenly benediction of love and devotion, while in the light thereof night and the assembly both dissolved.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AFTER the wedding company had departed, the bride and groom and guests that remained retired to rest and slept so soundly that the forenoon was quite advanced ere breakfast was served in the Sinclair mansion. Never was a meal eaten by a happier company.

At the head of the table sat the mature, but charming bride, while the stately and smiling groom was across the board. Robert and Jennie could scarcely keep their eyes off their mother, the widow Bouvier. It was ascertained that the couple had assumed this name on leaving the gypsy camp, and the captain's widow still retained it.

We cannot delay to relate the delightful intercourse that the bridal party held with neighbors and friends.

All branches of the Boone family vied with each other in the most delicate kindness, exuberant hospitality and unfeigned gratitude. The clouds of the past were dissolved in the sunlight of the present. Boone revisited the spot where as a boy, his good eye and hand won him the silver-mounted rifle, still kept

as a memento of by-gone years. He also took carriage, with his family, to the way-side inn that had sheltered him for the night. The former landlord and wife were long sleeping beneath the turfy coverlet, but a son kept the rejuvenated hostelry. The landlord said, "My terms are those of my father. You must cut wood to pay for your entertainment." The humor was so appropriate that the man of sixty-five reproduced the picture of fifteen. Prose would be incompetent; and as the Rainbow Club kept a poet:

Strong was the man, and sharp the steel he bore
On to the scene of Sylvan War.
His wife and child attend him to the wood,
Grandchildren breathless near the hero stood.
Swift fly the chips, and cover all the ground,
While through the forest his fierce strokes resound.
The leafy monarchs tremble at the call,
Make sad obeisance and then thundering fall.
The riven oaks and maples piled he high
Beneath the landlord's cheering eye,
Nor did he fail to ornament the lawn
With heaps of splinters from the hick'ries torn!
Which having done, his axe aside he threw,
And to his host and hostess bade adieu.
Loud as the strokes that lately split the skies,
Are heard the landlord's plenteous cries,
"Thou hero; toil must hunger know,
Be wise, and break thy fast before you go."
He gently yielded and upon the board
A luscious tide of plenty poured.
Java's brown nectar waiting cups do fill,
And fragrant drinks that China's leaves distil,
With hosts of tubers baked and boiled,
With mutton chops and pullets broiled.

While wheaten biscuits, smoking hot and brown,
And roasted chestnuts all the viands crown.
The hero bowed his head and grateful prayed,
"For grace to end life's journey undismayed,
And meekly bow to destiny," and then
The rev'rent group all breathed "amen."
For landlord's bounty they give regal pay
In gold and silver generous as the day.
The steeds were harnessed, waiting at the door,
Soon 'long the smoking road the axles tore.

As we have stated, the Rainbow Club was formed to settle down into sober life a thoughtless youth. He is now genial, but serious. What steadied him? Philosophy? Counsels? or Matrimony?

We answer, all combined. Jennie, his wife, adorned his home, and helped to make him sober and brave. In all the strange paths along which her life had run, she maintained a sprightly manner and a modesty that doth give unto woman a fadeless charm.

When Milton received the communication from his father, as recorded in our account of the Centennial, he counseled not with mortal wisdom, but soon retired and fell upon his knees, imploring, "Oh thou infinite and eternal One, am I fit to carry the lamp of life? Wilt thou save me from falling, and own and bless me?"

To his inner consciousness came a gentle voice saying, "Yes, my son, I will." Without rising, Milton exclaimed, "My God and Father, it is enough."

In an ecstasy of spirit, he hastened to his wife, and taking her by the hand said,

“Oh, thou priceless jewel of my heart—God has again spoken to me.”

Said Jennie, “Quick, tell me, gently or in wrath?”

He replied, “Gently, as speaks a father to a child, and at the call I join the band of Evangelists and become a humble Lay preacher.”

This new resolve made varied impressions. Some thought it a freak of fancy, which would spend its frantic fury, leaving him still unsettled. Some advised delay, but Dr. Paul advised to cross the Rubicon at once, and raise the Banner of the Cross in the Army of Immanuel.

Jonathan Boone, heard his story in full and promised counsel and support.

The vast Farmer's Club, called “The Grangers,” had a Centennial encampment at Elm station, on the Pennsylvania Railroad a few miles beyond the city of Philadelphia. They had a temporary building containing one thousand two hundred rooms, well lighted and ventilated.

Spacious dining halls were in the basement, while long corridors divided the sleeping apartments which were occupied by thousands who had come assured of a comfortable and economical abode.

As Milton Rainbow was born and bred a farmer, he was drawn to this assemblage of his fellows. Here were found the brave pioneers of the distant west, who had subdued the tough prairie to the will of man. The national peculiarities of the globe were softened into the American. Several facts were apparent, one was the gentler tone of woman's voice,—another, the patience with which Americans endure delay, and above all, the moderation, but courage with which they portrayed their grievances and hopes.

Rainbow determined to go down at once to these people and begin his active ministry among the assembled farmers.

He took no one with him but his beloved wife. Having reached the encampment, he revealed to the authorities his mission. From lip to lip spread the tidings that an evangelist would speak in the western hall. About eight P. M., a service of song began upon the stage. Jennie was one of those who sang the inspiring strains of

“There is a gate that stands ajar.”

The room was densely crowded, and as one after another took his seat on the stage, the inquiry went around, “Is that the speaker?” None could answer. Then there stepped to the front a stout middle-aged man, who offered most fervent prayer, and gave earnest

exhortation. While speaking, the crowd said, "that's him, that's Rainbow." But they were mistaken.

After a brief interval, a well-dressed gentleman related what divine grace had done for him. The people felt sure that *this* was the young evangelist, but this time also they were mistaken. Then followed another song :

I love to tell the story—Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory—Of Jesus and his love.

As the soft notes died away, a slender young man came modestly, tremblingly forward, and began to speak. Some knowing ones sent the whisper round, "That's him," "That's Rainbow." And this time they were correct.

The young man was pale and thin, so spare and slender, that it seemed a persevering wind might blow him away. He wore a look of deep concern, that was to close observers almost haggard. His first words were slow and indistinct. His thoughts seemed confused, and utterance painful. Soon tears gave relief, and he spoke clearer; but he speedily came again under his emotion, and grew well-nigh silent. But in that assembly was one whose heart was moved by a deeper feeling than that of curiosity. It was sympathy. It was also wisdom, that just in time to prevent an utter break-down, struck up, "Hold the Fort."

The sound of the well loved voice rallied the

speaker, who said: "My Christian friends, did I follow my own personal desire, I would be seated in the audience, listening to the words of others. But God has put a burden upon me, and in his strength I will carry it. If shame be part of it, I will bear it. If tears are in store, let them flow. If poverty and death are in the way, I bid them welcome. My course is marked, henceforth I cast my lot with the people of God, and look to heaven for my reward.

"The work of providence is an ever expanding wonder. From age to age its glories stream along the track of life. At one period it deluged the world and at another lit it up with the presence of Divinity. To-day is the era of personal consecration. The voice of Providence re-echoes the ancient call, "Let him that heareth say come." The want is for a multitude of workers in the vineyard; pastors, evangelists, teachers, missionaries, class leaders, faithful men and women to lead the world to Christ. I was reared a Christian, and in the Sabbath evening twilight my mother told me the stories of Abraham, Joseph, Samson, Daniel and Christ.

"My father desired that I should be a minister, but folly ruled me till, at midnight, I was awakened by a strange power, and I sprang from my bed crying, "eternity," "eternity." I wandered to a hill a mile away, and knelt down upon a rock and prayed. God

heard and answered, but in an unexpected way. Deep trouble came. Enemies rose up to blacken my good name. The time was winter. Across the fields I went, resolved to make a costly peace. But driven like a ship before the wind, came over the frozen snow, into my very hand as I stooped down, a leaflet from the Bible, Matthew x, 19. 'But when they deliver you up, take no thought how, or what ye shall speak, for it shall be given in that same hour, what ye shall speak.'

"The very next day came a messenger with offers of peace. First my mother and then my father died and went to glory. The words of counsel written in his will sustained me. Soon life appeared in robes of seriousness bearing the destiny of an endless future. I saw my danger out of Christ, and led by faith was folded in his arms. With all the world, I came to this Centennial to view the works of man, but have met a summons I cannot resist. It was a letter written by my father, signed and sealed. In a corridor at the Exhibition, this letter was put into my hands. Its burden was, "Lose no time, warn the people to meet their God in judgment." And now, good friends, in all love and sincerity, I charge you, in Christ's name, be ye reconciled to God.

"Many of you are tillers of the soil, farmers and shepherds. The birth of the infant King Immanuel

was not proclaimed with trumpets at the gates of cities, but told by angels to the shepherds of Bethlehem. The Bible is full of shepherds and their flocks. Rachel, Jacob's lovely bride, was a shepherdess. The heads of the tribes were men of the field, and so was David, their valorous king. Asaph sang: "Give ear, oh, shepherd of Israel, thou that leadeth Joseph as a flock." And Jesus said: "I am the good shepherd." And to-night his spirit would guide you and your lambs into his heavenly fold, "that where he is," mark the words, "ye may be also."

"This supposes a condition, and what is it? Go not to human experience, for that is deception; nor to creeds, for they are imperfect, but to Christ himself. "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." This is the text of Christ's Sermon on the Mount, and should be of the sermon of our lives. Oh men and women, prepare to meet thy God in judgment. When the sunny spring lies smiling on your hills, ye go forth casting the seed into the furrow to feed the winter. Ye do well. But oh, ye farmers of America, remember that when God withdraws his smile, then comes the winter of the soul. Be watchful, and let no one take thy crown. Beware, Satan has an eye on thy soul. And now unto the king eternal, immortal, invisible, be glory forever, Amen."

At once a restless man rose up saying, "I am an

infidel. That leaf upon the snow would have come into my hands as well as yours. You did not call for it. Tell of prayer directly answered, and I may believe." The preacher said, "I have told you how I cried eternity! eternity! and kneeling on a rock besought the Lord to take me under his special care. Afterward, I dug up the rock and made it a corner stone of my house. At midnight, I arose for prayer upon that rock. "Oh Lord God of my fathers, be my God and of my children's children forever. I am keeping the watch of this house. Grant that when I rise and open my Bible, mine eye shall fall upon some guide to my household in this the Lord's house!"

"I rose and opened the Bible, gift of a mother in glory, at a venture at second Chronicles 23-26, 'But let none come into the house of the Lord, save the priests and they that minister of the Levites, they shall go in for they are holy; but all the people shall keep the watch of the Lord.' And now, brother Thomas, believest thou God heard my prayer?" He trembling answered, "I believe, and God help my unbelief!" Rainbow continued, "Then thou art saved, for a spark is fire, a true prayer is faith; and faith salvation.

"Before we close I have a request to make. Let all who desire the power of the Father, the life of the Son; and the love of the Spirit; so that they can keep through life the watch of the Lord, Rise up." Nearly all rose, some in tears, and dispersed.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE next morning, preacher and companion re-joined the throngs in the Centennial Palaces of Art, where the consciousness that multitudes were going thoughtlessly to death, fixed his view on the Day of Judgment, and the golden heights of Heaven. He had spent life's morn in youth's gay merriment, and was determined to turn manhood's serious business into life's crowning glory, by kneeling at the Master's feet. There was in his heart, pride for the national achievement; gratitude to the nations for aid and presence; joy for the things of beauty, and tears for the folly of men. Boldly going up to a printing office on the grounds he said, "Sir, print me a thousand copies of these words, and I will pay thee."

Unfavorable as seemed the time, Rainbow, full of the spirit of the previous night stationed himself near one of the entrances to the exhibition, skillfully avoiding any display that might offend the police, changing position and using gentle tones, he handed to persons as they came or went one of the Scripture scrolls. Sanctified wit and learning were marshalled into service as follows,—

“ Ah, my good friend—Take words from our best Friend.”

“ Fair lady—Thou hast the rose of beauty on thy face. Hast thou the Rose of Sharon in thy heart ?”

“ Rejoice, oh young man, but know thou—for all these things God will bring thee unto judgment.”

“ Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.”

“ Vanity of vanities—all is vanity.”

“ Good father—God hath enriched and blessed thee. May thy daughters be daughters of Zion.”

“ Ah pilgrim, art thou climbing the Mount of the Lord ?”

“ I am.”

Thank God, here is some good reading, by the way. Climb Carmel, Lebanon, Olivet, or Zion—beware of Sinai, my brother.”

(*To a Soldier.*)—“ Let the men of war fight for the Prince of Peace.”

“ Traveller, here is a Guide to a better land—a heavenly.”

(*To one moving rapidly.*)

“ Swift sir, thou seemest like a business man.”

“ I am, sir.”

“ Art thou a Christian ?”

“ No.”

“ Then art thou a poor business man.”

“ Ah, business men, make heaven thy business.”

Thus swiftly for a time ran on the giving of the scrolls, when up came two young men. The twinkle in the leader's eye, spoke more of mirth than villainy. His companion was courtly, bearing rings on his fingers and a bouquet in his hand. Bringing his eye-glass to the proper focus, he surveyed the scroll and handed it scornfully to the leader, saying, "My lord Jacob, explain this printed mystery."

Jacob said to Rainbow, "Is this a will, or deed, or supreme court writ?"

He replied, "All this and more. It is a leaf from a Book of Laws, of songs and morals, a necklace of graces, and a chart of Life."

The man rejoined, "We care not for books, 'tis thirst we feel."

Rainbow.—'Twill serve you nobly, this goblet from the waters of life.

Stranger.—Away with superstitious faith, there is no God. I have heard of your Bible.

Rainbow.—And the Bible has heard of you. It says, "the fool hath said, there is no God."

This sharp arrow pierced, and awoke their passion. The stout Jacob sprang toward the evangelist; and the dainty cavalier followed with eye-glass and up-lifted cane.

Rainbow avoided them quickly as the moving of a flash—when at once came up a sailor who held out

his brawny hand for a scroll, and said, "well, Captain, that last fire settled the mate and blew the boatswain over the bulwark. I would lend a hand, but you are as full-rigged a cutter as ever carried a deck or sported a top-gallant. Here is my hand, and my heart goes with it." So saying, the sailor who bore the dress of an English midshipman, said, "I have often of late, thrown a rope to a comrade overboard."

Rainbow.—When did you enlist?

Sailor.—A year ago, when two recruiting officers came from America. One was Sir Dwight Moody, as good a knight as ever bore a helmet, or aimed a lance at the crest of Belial. The other was Sir Ira Sankey, as sweet voiced a singer as ever blew the bugle of Zion. I was on the rocks and anchor lost, when the Young Men's Christian Association threw a rope and took me in tow, into the harbor of salvation. I heard the blood sermon of Moody, thinks I the blood that saves is the blood for me, while Sankey sang the plaintive "Ninety and Nine."

"I am on a furlough to see this great Exhibition. Give me a handful of the manna, that I may feed the multitude, while you rest in your hammock." So saying, he crowded into Rainbow's hand a bank bill, enough to pay for the entire edition, and gave to the people, saying, "Halt captain, here is where you get a clearance from time, and a cabin forever, take a ticket.

And bright boy ; the devil wants you for a mate, Jesus for a captain. Step up and take your papers. And old mother, you seem a little bent, and so was my mother before she died, and her bonnet had black like yours, take this leaf and token, (a bank bill) to remember praying Jack at the Centennial." At length while he was speaking, the bells in the tower rang the chimes of evening, the visitors departed, and the gates of the Centennial were closed for the day.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CONCLUSION.

AFTER the Centennial, the friends journeyed southward to attend the wedding of Jonathan Boone and Catherine Sinclair, as we have related. Boone, with his bride and daughter, returned to England, to arrange his estate, which will in due time descend to Mary, and then to Jennie. There one day came by special messenger, an envelope, containing a legal document with seals and signatures.

It was a surrender to Milton Rainbow and his heirs, of all claims upon the twenty-five thousand dollars; the original heirs, (as mentioned in the will of John Rainbow,) having been compensated in cash by the merchant's widow. Milton Rainbow, full of love and enthusiasm, became a lay preacher, wherever the people wished to hear him. Meanwhile the slowly rising walls of a beautiful cathedral bespoke the craving of humanity for something more lasting than earthly wealth, and also betokened the regard of a good wife for the memory of a good husband. Solomon the chairman, (conscious that it had accom-

plished its mission,) announced the success to the Rainbow Club.

We now close with a copy of the

CENTENNIAL GOSPEL SCROLL.

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth, and God said, "let us make man in our own image."—And God saw that the wickedness of man was great and said, 'I will destroy man whom I have created.'—But Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord—And Noah built an altar after the flood.—And the Lord smelled a sweet savor and said, "I will not again curse the ground. While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest shall not cease and the bow shall be in the cloud that I may remember the covenant between God and every creature on the earth."

The Lord appeared to Abram and said, "Walk before me, and I will make my covenant between me and thee. And in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed, because thou hast obeyed my voice."

And Joseph nourished his father and his brethren.

And the Lord said unto Moses, "Sanctify the people to-day and to-morrow—Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

But he was wounded for our transgressions,—and with his stripes we are healed.

Fear not to take unto thee Mary—and she shall

bring forth a son ; and thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins.

Jesus said, “ If a man love me, he will keep my words and my father will love him, and we will make our abode with him.—But the Comforter which is the Holy Ghost, shall teach you all things.—And he that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.

And he shewed me a pure river of life proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb, and on either side of the river was the tree of life.—And there shall be no more curse.

And his servants shall see his face.

And there shall be no night there, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign forever and ever.—Let him that heareth say come.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all.—Amen.

THE END.

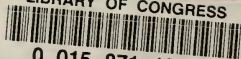
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